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**"O YET a nobler task awaits thy hand,
(For what can war but endless war still breed?)
Till truth and right from violence be freed,
And public faith clear'd from the shameful brand
Of public fraud."**

MILTON.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The details of our military successes are dealt with in another column. Roughly speaking, the result is that the Allies have regained half the ground won by the German offensive in the spring. There are another six weeks of good fighting weather left, and if our progress continues at the same rate for that period, all the German gains of 1918 will be annihilated before the winter begins. But the Entente success must not be measured by kilometres. Large numbers of the enemy have been killed, wounded and captured, and large amounts of munitions and guns destroyed or taken. More important still is the moral effect. The German Press has hastily abandoned all talk of peace by victory: "Deutschland über alles" is exchanged for "equality among our peers"; and the Kaiser now writes to the Berlin municipality about "the defence of our existence." *Sic transit gloria Germaniæ!*

There is something pathetic in the fidelity of Mr. Ogden, the president of the Trades Union Congress, to the idea of Internationalism, a fraternity of hand-workers throughout the world. "Let us lift our minds above the clouds of doubt, suspicion, and dissension that have blurred our vision and warped our judgment, and in the higher, clearer, and purer atmosphere we shall discern the true goal of our aspirations and ambitions, and the industrial Canaan towards which we have wended so long and so laboriously. World brotherhood may seem farther away to-day than ever. In spite of that I shall still look towards it as the sal-

vation of the world and the only hope of the workers." These are eloquent words, loudly cheered according to the report. But let Mr. Ogden ask Mr. Hughes, General Page Croft, or Mr. Havelock Wilson, what they think of "world brotherhood"; and he will find that their goal is the gaol.

The Bolsheviks of Moscow have sentenced 5,000 of their political opponents (the Social Revolutionaries) to death, and we have little doubt that the sentence will be executed by machine-guns. This government has also decided on a system of food rationing by which four classes of food cards are issued. The first class gets 200 units of food the second 150 units, the third 100 units, and the fourth 50 units. The first and second classes comprise all manual labourers. The third class is composed of employees in lighter occupations, waiters, hairdressers, tailors, musicians, etc. The fourth class, which is allowed one quarter of the rations of the first or navy class, includes all who live on the interest of capital, owners of land and houses, heads of firms, merchants, contractors, managers, lawyers, clergymen, artists, authors, journalists, physicians. Read, O "boorjoice," and rejoice!

If Russians were content with slaughtering Russians, it might be treated as a domestic concern. But the sacking of the British Embassy in Petrograd by Bolshevik troops and the murder of our Naval Attaché, Captain Crombie, are international outrages of the most flagrant kind. Embassies and the soil on which they stand are sacred. It appears, too, that this culminating crime was prefaced by the arrest of the members of the British and French Consulates and British and French Missions at Moscow, under the pretext that they were conspiring against Lenin's so-called Government. The Bolsheviks are the outlaws of the world. We rejoice that our Government has told them as much in no mealy-mouthed terms, and that, even at the risk of hurting Mr. Henderson's feelings, their creature, Litvinoff-Finckelstein, has been laid by the heels.

The police strike is far the most disturbing domestic happening since the outbreak of war, and gives us a very nasty foretaste of the future. For if the police down tools, choose a Soviet, and settle their own hours, wages, and duties, why should not the Army do ditto? The Metropolitan Police Force is less than an Army Division, but not much: why should not every Army Division elect a Soviet, and settle their pay, pensions, and hours of duty? The election of their inspectors, superintendents, and commissioners, will inevitably be the next demand of the policemen's Soviet after their easy triumph over authority last week. Although most of the professional thieves and burglars have been drafted into the Army, several robberies and housebreakings were committed during the strike of our guardians, and they were, of course, so easily executed that they did not require the courage or the skill of the professional.

The people who discuss the justice of the policemen's demands miss the significance of the event. Grant that the policemen were entitled to a rise in wages:

hundreds of thousands of other employees, and officials of all ranks, are similarly entitled, owing to the exorbitance of prices of commodities. The shocking and terrifying fact is that the London police, well-paid, well-clothed, and well-pensioned, the guardians of the helpless millions of the capital, and the trustees of its enormous accumulation of treasure, have struck in the middle of the Great War. That is the unforgettable, unforgivable, fact. How is it possible ever to trust the Metropolitan Police again? The police strikers were assisted by the London Trades Council, another Soviet of the metropolitan trades unions. How can the police, after this, ever be relied on to arrest strikers, no matter what they may do?

During the last two years we have noticed, as a matter of personal observation, a rapid deterioration of the Metropolitan Police, not only in physique, but in manners. Most of the younger men were, of course, taken for the Army, and their places were supplied by (we suppose) pensioners recalled to the force and by new recruits of smaller size. Most marked has been the change from the old civility and desire to oblige and protect to an air which at its best is familiar patronage, and at its worst is churlish impertinence. The London policeman used to be the admiration and envy of the world. He is now being transformed into a Bolshevik in blue.

The settlement of the police strike was announced on Saturday night to a mass meeting by the secretary of the Policemen's Union, accompanied by the President of the London Trades Council. The Chairman of the Policemen's Union, Mr. Duncan (who is described in some papers as M.P.), said, "few people ever dreamed that the men who composed the City and Metropolitan Police Force and prison officials would ever have downed tools": (if anybody had such a dream, he dismissed it as a nightmare); "now the unexpected had happened. The whole thing went like a blaze. It was unexpected, unpremeditated, and all the more effective for that reason." Words of more sinister and mischievous import were never reported in the Press; they announce the complete and easy triumph of the policemen's Soviet, the first stroke of Bolshevism.

It is easy, after the event, to blame Sir Edward Henry, who has commanded the Metropolitan Police for fifteen years with great ability, for not granting the men's demands at once. We have it from Sir George Cave that he was engaged on a revision of salaries and pensions. But how could Sir Edward Henry foresee that his policemen, whom he loved and trusted as one does an old confidential servant, would round on him like miners, or engineers, or tram conductors? A lot of nonsense has been written about military martinets, and barrack-room methods. Sir Edward Henry was an Indian Civilian, and has all his life been a civil magistrate and commander of police. He has naturally resigned, and been made a baronet. His successor, General Sir Nevil Macready, is the son of the great actor and the Adjutant-General. How he can be spared from that post at this time, we do not know. His military record is very distinguished, and he has shown the door to a Committee of the House of Commons. A very notable man!

At a time when the majority of people are taking their holiday, and are therefore far from receipted bills and household accounts, the Coal Controller calls upon us to fill up a form stating the amount of coal, gas, and electricity consumed for the years 1916, 1917, and 1918; the number of rooms fitted with gas or electricity for lighting or/and heating; the number of rooms exceeding 4,000 cubic feet; the number of rooms less than 4,000 cubic feet; the proportion of coal, gas, and electricity which we want for the coming year, and the precise purposes, whether for cooking, lighting, or heating, for which we want them. As for the details demanded of the gas companies, the coal merchants,

and the electric light companies, we leave them to fight their own battles. It is obvious that at this time of the year, with a universal shortage of clerks and servants, it will be impossible to comply with these demands by the end of the present month.

Yet any unfortunate man or woman who may be unable to fill up this form correctly, whether from absence or ignorance, may find his supply of light and fuel cut off. The Household Fuel and Lighting Order, 1918 consists of 139 sections, and is in reality a most complicated and lengthy Act of Parliament, regulating the daily conduct of some 30 million persons, leaving infants out of account. It has been drawn up by the Board of Trade, signed by the President, and issued under the authority of "Dora." The Controller appoints deputies in each district called Local Fuel Overseers, who may be assisted by a Committee, composed of representatives of the coal merchants, the gas and electric companies, and the ratepayers. There is an appeal from the Local Fuel Overseer to his Committee, and from the Committee to the Controller. But the authority of the Courts is rigorously excluded: there is no appeal from the Controller to a Court, either on a question of fact, or law. And all this is done without the sanction of Parliament!

The Political Correspondent of *The Sunday Times* continues to make himself and his paper ridiculous by his malicious travesty of the views of the Conservatives about a general election. It is quite true that a great many Unionists or Conservatives are opposed to a general election, but for a reason the very reverse of that ascribed to them by this wiseacre. We are in favour of a general election for reasons we gave last week: a great many Tories, whose opinions we respect, are opposed to it, not because they are afraid it will increase the power of Mr. Lloyd George, but because they are afraid it will diminish it. These gentlemen argue that the present ministerial majority of 80 is sufficient to carry on the war to a finish, and that to gamble on an increase or a maintenance of that majority by an election is to take a dangerous and needless risk.

It is obviously a matter of opinion whether the Prime Minister will increase or diminish or maintain his majority by a general election: his present majority is a matter of fact: why disturb it, when by doing so you may jeopardise the prospects of the war? So reason the Unionists, who wish to postpone the dissolution, and there is a great deal in their argument, which is a variant of the proverb that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. But nobody with the most elementary knowledge of the real working of politics would accuse the Unionists of being jealous of Mr. Lloyd George, or wishing to undermine his power. Why, he is their only hope! For there are only two alternatives to Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Asquith, or Mr. Henderson. Does *The Sunday Times* really believe that the Unionists would prefer Mr. Asquith or Mr. Henderson to Mr. Lloyd George? If it does, we can only observe that its political opinion is not worth, we were going to say, a damn, but we will substitute, a dime.

The mission of Sir Maurice de Bunsen to the South American Republics has been a striking success. At Rio de Janeiro, at Monte Video, and at Buenos Aires, he was received by acclaiming crowds, whom he charmed by addressing in their own language, and by the dignified courtesy of his carriage, of which Spaniards are very appreciative. Apart from French, which every diplomatist is supposed to speak (but does not), Sir Maurice de Bunsen speaks Spanish and Italian extremely well. The Italian emigrants, of whom there are many in Brazil and the Argentine, were transported at hearing their own language from the representative of the English King. South America is strongly Anglophil, and Mr. Lloyd George is the

idol of their enthusiasm. The Argentine Republic is only restrained from declaring war on Germany by the President, who has Socialist and Pacifist opinions. To Lord Beaverbrook must be given the credit of having selected the right men to form the South American Mission, which has done more good for the Entente than all the manifestoes and pamphlets in the world.

Mrs. Fawcett has brought herself within the range of "Dora's" claws, and it will be interesting to see whether that feline *Vigilante* will spare her own sex. In *The Daily Chronicle* Mrs. Fawcett is reported to have said at a meeting of the National Federation of Women Workers that it was a deplorable thing that the funds of the Union should be invested in war loan. "In her view it was nothing less than blood money." Language tending to injure or discourage the issues of the Government for war purposes is expressly described as an offence under the Defence of the Realm Act. Miss McArthur pertinently replied to Mrs. Fawcett that 90 per cent. of the Women's Federation were engaged in the manufacture of munitions. Apart from the question whether Mrs. Fawcett will be haled before the courteous Sir John Dickinson, it is clear that the National Federation of Women Workers is no place for her.

A battle of ladies has from time immemorial been regarded as a pleasantly exciting spectacle. Johnson used to relieve his *tedium vite* by egging on the old hags of his harem in Bolt Court to attack one another. "At her, Poll!", "Go to it, Williams," he would shout. We are about to be treated to a political combat between Miss McArthur (otherwise Mrs. Anderson) and Miss Christabel Pankhurst, both women of great ability and courage, and bent on leading their sex to the polls. Mrs. Anderson belongs to the Bolshevik crowd, composed of Messrs. Arthur Henderson, the Webbs, the Fabians, and the Independent Labour Party led by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. Miss Pankhurst is for equal rights and equal payment for the two sexes; but granted that premiss, her opinions seem to be sensible and to make for Conservatism. As there will be some 8 million female voters, it is of great importance to the future of the country that Miss Pankhurst should prevail over Mrs. Anderson.

The appointment of Mr. Falconer, M.P., to the chairmanship of British Dyes, Limited, with a big fee, was somewhat inexplicable, even in these jobbing times. Mr. Falconer is an Edinburgh lawyer, a Writer to the Signet, and of course knew nothing of dyes or of commercial management. But he was very useful to Mr. Lloyd George and Sir Rufus Isaacs on the Marconi Committee, drafting and carrying the white-washing report. He had to be rewarded somehow, and so he was put at the head of a concern where technical knowledge and commercial experience were indispensable. The result was what might have been anticipated: but luckily the Levinsteins and the shareholders were determined that a great industry should not be mismanaged in order to provide an income for a political lawyer, and so Mr. Falconer is restored to the arms of his anxious clients, some of whom remember with a twinge the Esk Valley Gas scheme.

Douai and Cambrai, on which all eyes are turned, have not many common features. Douai is a picturesque place with a fine town hall in the Flemish style, and other agreeable specimens of architecture. Tourists seldom visited Cambrai before the war, and in truth it is a plain little town. Two wind-swept squares, a public garden with a monument to Blériot, a citizen of Cambrai, a cathedral in debased Gothic built by Cardinal de Rohan, and a distinctive town hall—that is Cambrai. But it has its attraction in a brand of sausage, a most subtle, Rabelaisian sausage. Fritz, unfortunately, is not wont to leave such commodities behind him, especially when they happen to be sausages.

WAR NOTES.

No surprise can be felt at the swift and striking success which has attended the Allied operations during the past week. Even in this war there has been no precedent for an attack lasting, as that of the Allies has now done, for more than six weeks without intermission. The effects of that attack have been and are cumulative. It tells more with every succeeding day. Further it was launched on July 18th, immediately on the top of the final failure of the German offensive. The enemy was given no time to reverse his machinery from offence to defence. Properly he needed not days merely, but weeks, for his turn round from defence to offence early this year took months of preparation. For any effective plan of defence on his part now a breathing space was absolutely indispensable. Not being given it, his defence had to be an affair of emergency; that is to say, the most costly that could be offered. But besides the losses involved, there has been the disintegration.

In this battle his effort west of the Oise was to obstruct the roads from Arras, Bapaume, and Peronne to Cambrai. Cambrai was and is the decisive spot. Look at a contour map of the Western theatre of war, and the reason will be plain. Cambrai is near the western apex of the great triangular massif of the Ardennes. That place lost, the German forces south of it are cut off from the lines through Belgium, and without those lines of supply the German forces on the West cannot exist. More than that, they must be divided from the German troops holding from the north of Cambrai to the sea. In short, the capture of Cambrai means for the Allies, only the other way about, what the taking of Abbeville would have meant, could the Germans in April have got so far.

The first bad breach in the German line intended to cover Cambrai, improvised as it was, was the loss of Peronne; the second, still worse, the rupture of the Drocourt-Queant "switch" line, for that rupture opened up the Arras-Cambrai road. It also turned the knot of defences at and before Queant from the north, and left them untenable. The Queant defences gone, the Bapaume-Cambrai road, too, was uncovered. By this time the Allied movements along the three converging routes had become a concentric pressure.

Nor could the enemy withstand that pressure. His severe defeat on the "switch" line, where he had massed eleven of his best remaining divisions, was the last straw. The fighting here supplied a test. Either with those forces he could hold the attack of General Horne's army, or he could not. If not, the back of his defence was broken. A general retirement was the sequel, and was inevitable.

It will be observed that the movement of the line of battle has been towards the Oise, and that the enemy, if he is not to be forced across that river to the north of the St. Gobian massif, which would be fatal, has to fight on a line nearly parallel with that of his retreat, and becoming more strictly parallel as the battle has proceeded. Never were any forces in a situation more menacing and difficult than that into which those of von Boehn had been manœuvred. There was no help for it save to engage them, and regardless of the cost.

Meanwhile, in Flanders the enemy surrendered Mount Kemmel, and withdrew from the salient on the Lys. If he could not impose a limit upon the movement towards Cambrai, it is more than doubtful whether he will prove able to control this Flanders pressure. He gave up Lens because he could no longer hold the place. To the south the Allied forces both pushed forward to the Upper Somme, and cleared the Vregny plateau north of Soissons, exposing the Craonne ridge to a flanking thrust. There has been no such week since the first battle of the Marne.

THE POLICEMEN'S SOVIET.

THE newspapers have combined to slur over the strike of the Metropolitan and City Police, and to drown the protests and alarm of all reflecting citizens in the drum and trumpet business of the Western front. None the less the strike remains as the ugliest fact that has happened at home since the war began. It is in truth the establishment of that "Bolshevism without bloodshed" which Mr. Arthur Henderson admitted to be the aim of his wing of the Labour Party. Bolshevism must not be suffered to decline into a meaningless term of abuse, bandied about in party conflict. It is the definite creed of a political party which for more than a year, ever since the summer of 1917, has been in possession of the government of Russia. Bolshevism means the parcelling out of all executive power—for legislation, except by ukase or decree, is no part of its scheme—between soviets, or committees, or unions, who appoint themselves under some pretence of election, and who take over, or govern, the army, navy, and police, as well as all the industrial concerns of which a nation is composed. Bolshevism is the negation of all central or supreme authority: it is, in short, a system of universal trade unions, armed with absolute, executive power over the lives and property of everybody. There is an army soviet, a navy soviet, a police soviet, a mining soviet, a peasants' soviet, and so on, though we believe there is a kind of governing Soviet, made up of soldiers and workmen, who try to discharge the functions of a central government. This system has asserted itself in Russia during the past year by wholesale murder, and robbery of public and private property. In this country the system has a serious defender in Mr. Henderson, who has a large number of followers, though it is hardly necessary to add that Sovietism is to be established in England without the cutting of throats or the plunder of houses, banks, or churches.

That the Metropolitan and City Police were entitled to a rise of wages, owing to the cost of living, is not denied. The police authorities were, according to the Home Office, engaged upon a scheme for the revision of salaries and pensions at the time the strike broke out. That this scheme was delayed is more than likely, for what with air-raids and alien-hunting the authorities at Scotland Yard and the Home Office have had their hands more than full. But even if there had been no such revision scheme in preparation, no one who knows the facts can say that the metropolitan and city policemen were underpaid, or that their pensions were inadequate, compared with those, say, of the Army, or the Navy, or the Civil Service. The metropolitan constable was the spoiled child of the legislature, and numerous Acts have been passed for his benefit. Moreover, the London public have always liberally supported by subscriptions the Policemen's Widows and Orphans Fund. As for the increased cost of living due to the war, who is there, manual or head worker, who is not suffering from it? At the back of all these strikes there is the assumption that those who work with their hands, and are not at the front, for one reason or another, are to suffer nothing and to make no contribution of inconvenience to the common stock of hardship. That munition workers in the midlands, or engineers and ship-riveters in the north, or saucy flappers on trams and tubes, should take these views is not so surprising: they are removed from the centre of things, and they have no imagination: they do not understand the danger. That the London police, who know perfectly well the difficulties with which their superiors have to contend, and the danger of leaving London without protection, should "down tools" because there was some delay in granting their demands for more wages is terrible evidence of the demoralisation of character caused by the war.

How can there be any discipline in the force after last week's strike? A police force without discipline is not only no protection, it is a standing danger. How

can the London police again be called upon to arrest strikers when they have themselves been strikers? Side by side on Tower Hill stood the secretary of the policemen's union, or soviet, and the president of the London Trades Council, another soviet. Mr. Carmichael assured the striking policemen that their soviet had been recognised by the Prime Minister. This turned out to be untrue, and Mr. Carmichael explained himself on Monday by stating that "the union, as a union," could not be recognised during the war, but that an "authorised organisation" should be set up. You may call your soviet "a union" or "an authorised organisation," as you please: but the fact remains that a policemen's soviet has been established in the capital of the empire. "The war is on," continued Mr. Carmichael, "and the police desire, now that they have had their increase of pay, to work with the Government (how noble of them!); but at the end of the war—well, time will show. Our application to affiliate to the Labour Party still stands."

Such is the language of the apparently authorised representative of the Metropolitan and City Police Forces. After the war, we are told fairly and squarely, that our policemen will no longer be guardians of the peace and of property, but simply a trade union, like any other, out to get as much from the tax-payer as possible, to settle the amount of the extortion, and the times when it is to be increased by a downing of tools. Already the suggestion has been made that the police soviet should elect its own inspectors, superintendents and commissioners. It is a fact, which we try to forget, that there were numerous robberies and burglaries on Friday night when the strike was on. The Government are perfectly aware that such a police force, animated by such ideas, and led by trade union agitators, cannot be allowed to exist in the metropolis of the British Empire. They have therefore appointed the Adjutant-General to take the reorganisation of the police in hand. As the Metropolitan Police have abused the confidence and the generosity of the public, their organisation must be reformed on military lines. Either the police are a disciplined force, or a dangerous trade union, with the lives and property of millions at their mercy, as well as the reputation of Britain as a civilised country. There can be no hesitation between these alternatives, and we know no man who is more capable of saving the situation than Sir Nevil Macready.

GERMANY AND DISARMAMENT.

"WE must seek," Mr. Lloyd George declared, in defining the Allied ideal, "a just and lasting peace, by the creation of some international organization to limit the burden of armaments, and diminish the probability of war." America is especially insistent upon this point, and President Wilson has in mind an armed League of such might that no Power, no combination of Powers, could possibly defy it. In this regard it is highly instructive to look back upon Germany's attitude to universal disarmament, as witnessed in the "Parliaments of Man" which the Tsar Nicholas, following his father's vague ideal in 1894, caused to meet at The Hague five years later. Now, in German eyes the bare idea of any emasculation of her *Macht*—any exchange of the mailed fist for a friendly hand—was merely preposterous. At the first Conference, the German Nestor, Count Münster, who was its natural leader, made a mock of the whole gathering. "We are on a fool's errand," he declared abruptly. All they could do, he growled, was to contrive a few pretty toys for "the boy at St. Petersburg." Compulsory arbitration was absolutely vetoed by the German jurist, Dr. Zorn; but after much talk about poison-gases, aerial bombs and sea-power, the Conference passed a pious wish that some restriction of military charges, "which are at present a heavy burden, was, extremely desirable for the material and moral welfare of the world."

The envoys of twenty-six nations (how perplexed and amused they were!) took home with them a tame

recommendation that "the various Governments should examine the possibility of an agreement as to the limitation of armed forces by land and sea, and of all war budgets." Great Britain took practical steps in this direction. Millions were taken off our naval and military estimates, and later on the then Prime Minister, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, wrote a famous article on the subject of limitation which aroused the fiercest suspicion and anger in German minds, as "an olive-branch with a dagger hidden in it." No sooner had the Tsar, in 1898, convoked the Assizes of Peace than war broke out, as though by some malign enchantment; and German comment on the fact made unanswerable reading. There was our own Transvaal campaign; there was America's struggle with Spain in Cuba and the Philippines; and a League of Nations proceeded in force against the Chinese insurrection. Strangest of all, Russia herself—the author of the Peace Conference—was forced into costly and ruinous conflict with the rising power of Japan. Within five years three continents were aflame with war, and Europe herself only escaped as by a miracle. The moral of it all was cynically driven home to the German masses; and when a second Hague Conference was called in 1907, Berlin spoke with no uncertain voice on the subject of the laying down of arms.

The Imperial Chancellor, Prince von Bülow, would not so much as hear of the proposal. "We cannot take part in such a discussion," he told the Reichstag on April 30th, 1907—"which, momentous as it, is yet impractical." . . . "We have hitherto acted on the principle of being ready for war, and this has stood us in good stead." The Chancellor recapitulated all the traditions of Germany's "defensive" attitude, and also laid stress upon "the difficulties of our geographical position."

The obvious German moral was then deliberately stated: "We must keep our sword sharp if we are to inspire respect in our foes, and at the same time be useful to our friends." Campbell-Bannerman's advocacy of armament limitation was wrathfully denounced by the Teutonic Press and peoples, as a "diplomatic offensive," designed to weaken the fast-growing German fleet, which was to wrest the trident from Britannia's fist, according to the Kaiser's frank avowal. This was the purpose of the von Tirpitz Navy Bill in 1900, when £200,000,000 was voted in the Reichstag for warships and establishments on a vast scale. It was, perhaps, unfortunate that Germany should have been approached with proposals for disarmament in the centenary year of the ignominious Peace of Tilsit (1807). The lessons were duly emphasised before the Second Peace Conference opened in the Knights' Hall of the Binnenhof at The Hague. Here, as before, the German delegate, Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, dominated the whole assembly. He was burly, genial and *gemüthlich*, extremely polite to reporters, whilst Sir Edward Fry, our own envoy (a patriarch of eighty-two!) lectured the pressmen all together, remarking that the Conference would be the gainer if they were not there at all.

Very adroitly did Baron Marschall court his American colleagues, Mr. Choate, General Porter, Admiral Sperry and Captain Mahan. This was especially the case over the "freedom of the seas" and the abolition of the right to seize private property at sea. In this assembly the German Emperor was made to pose as the apostle of peace—the 'Friedens-Kaiser'; and although his delegate insisted upon the right to sow mines at large on the high seas, Baron Marschall took a lofty tone about the principles of mercy which were nowhere so jealously regarded as in Kultur's own Teutonic seat and centre. "Military proceedings," the Baron declared, facing a Parliament of Men where the only absentees were Liberia, Abyssinia and Morocco, "are not regulated solely by the conditions of international law. There are other factors, such as conscience and common sense. . . . The officers of the German Navy—I say this with all emphasis—will always fulfil, in the strictest manner, the duties which flow from the unwritten codes of humanity and civilization."

How grimly this must have read later to survivors of the Lusitania, like Lord Rhondda and his daughter; to the wounded on hospital ships smashed in the night, and to merchant seamen with memories of open-boat anguish passing all conception. It was an officer of that same *ritterlich* navy who called forty-three men of the Belgian Prince upon his deck whilst he had their boats broken up with axes, and their life-belts taken away. Then this exponent of German chivalry submerged his craft with callous glee, leaving his victims to drown like rats.

The League of Nations which sat at The Hague in 1907 had an entry in its Agenda about the boycott of any truculent Power which should declare war abruptly, without prior recourse to the pacific machinery of delay and conciliation which the Conference had decreed. Such an aggressor was to be declared the enemy of the human race. It should not be lawful to lend money to so lawless a firebrand; and all imports to the wilful peace-breaker were *ipso facto* to become contraband of war. But the famous "Article 8" was scouted by Germany as a thorny and dangerous suggestion, which was in no way practical at all. And, to give the militarist his due, he has been quite consistent in this matter, ever since the havoc of the Thirty Years' War, and the humiliation of Jena, Auerstadt and Tilsit. "Were it not for German militarism," says the famous manifesto of the ninety-three professors, "German civilization would long since have been extirpated." And the foremost lesson which Baron von Freytag-Loringhoven, Deputy Chief of the Kriegsamt, draws from the world-war, is that the German armies were not strong enough—a fault which must be remedied before "the next war," and appropriate credits obtained from a sadder and a wiser Reichstag. "The spirit of German militarism," this spokesman of the War-Lord goes on to say, "has enabled us to face a world in arms; and we must jealously preserve it, since it involves our *Weltmacht*, and future place in the sun."

Germany's veto on all practical measures at The Hague, especially those intended to restrain the savagery of war, takes a new and sinister aspect in the light of Loringhoven's version of *Schrecklichkeit*, or Frightfulness. "The limits of what are permissible," this strategist tells us calmly, "are in many senses elastic. A new weapon opens up its own paths, as we see in our own submarine campaign." As for Hague parleys and Leagues of Nations, the General speaks for official Germany when he says: "We misconstrue reality if we think to rid the world of war by mutual agreements. . . . The idea of a universal League for the preservation of peace remains Utopian, and would be felt as an intolerable tutelage by any great and proud-spirited nation." On the naval side, Germany was equally uncompromising. When the Campbell-Bannerman overture towards disarmament had roused a storm of rage in the Fatherland, Admiral von Koester, the President of the Navy League, began a popular agitation. In a notable speech at Kiel he said he had examined this question and read every scheme, yet for him international disarmament remained "an absolutely nebulous idea," with which the German Government have no serious concern. By what scale could such a measure be regulated? It would only cripple free development.

Surely none but the vanquished could disarm? "And the German nation knows that better than all the rest, when it looks back upon the beginning of the nineteenth century, and recalled how much bitterness and hatred this compulsory disarmament called forth."

No wonder the Hague delegates left the Second Conference convinced that discussion was a pure farce, so long as the Mailed Fist blocked every approach to a reasonable understanding. Meanwhile, between the Conferences of 1899 and 1907 the international outlay on armaments had risen by £83,000,000 per annum. Already the war-clouds were lowering; sore spots were noted; startling incidents arose; there was everywhere vague terror of the untrimmed lamp and unreadiness for the vast stroke which all felt was at hand. Germany was preparing for her

Day, well pleased to be quit of all hampering restrictions on strategic or humanitarian grounds. In 1907 her agents confronted forty-six nations at the council-table of peace, and thwarted every proposal likely to nullify her stupendous aims of pounce and annexation. Will the next League of Nations have any chance of restraining the swashbuckler of its time?

GEMS AND CAMEOS.

IN the days of George II, when a young Englishman returned from the Grand Tour, he felt bound to pose as a connoisseur in a small way. His claim to the title was quite simple. He brought back a handful of Roman medallions of suspicious origin, a dismal Old Master or two, generally a religious subject, or a Saint holding a skull, a Carlo Maratti inevitably, and a Martyrdom by Ribera, a broken-nosed bust of Cæsar or Vespasian, and a set of cameos, or engraved gems, or casts, to be hung on the walls, set up on pedestals, or stored in cabinets in the withdrawing-room. Have out a tray or two of these casts some wet day, and see if you do not feel even the equal of Lorenzo de' Medici. Here is the Catalogue in Italian, written in a flowing eighteenth-century hand. Inside its cover is the label of the *graveur en pierres fines*, who was too grand himself to use his own language, but whose cataloguing apprentice was too badly paid to use anything else.

Oval casts, each about two inches by an inch and a half, of the twelve Cæsars, come first; the fretted face of Julius, worn with the problems of the world; the calmness of the divine Augustus; the wig and vacant face of dandy Otho; the strong peasant face of Vespasian, iron-jawed and iron-souled—you will not easily forget them. But they are big, imposing, with every detail of the cast brought out in high relief. For the beauty of great design on smallest scale you must look closer, examine one by one the intagli, treasures of the tray labelled *Maniera Greca Seconda*, and marvel. Before you, then, are the stories of the ancient world in plaster miniatures, here an Amazon, there valiant Achilles; here Diomedes stealing the sacred image from the Temple of Pallas; there a hunting scene, or Theseus slaying the Bull of Marathon. Where would the gentle-spirited Flaxman or the imperious Josiah Wedgwood have been without their aid? Here is a cast of a cameo bearing the head of Olympian Jove; there a carved marble vase after the antique—six feet reduced to half an inch, and yet a thing of beauty and often reproduced on larger scale by the brothers Adam. Cupids there are, pensive and gay; Discobolus with his quoit still poised in air; Hercules, his arms round Omphale; Heaven's Zodiac about the throne of Zeus; the Graces knit together for all time; the immortal gravity of Athene; the radiant youth of Apollo.

Here is true ancient art. Only in eighteenth-century casts? Well, what of that? True Art it is, and that all untouched by the restorer. Just think what that means. The restorer of antiques, as of churches and Indian stupas was capable of anything. He turned the tormented Psyche of the Capitol into a Danaid; Discobolus into a Dying Warrior—and so on through infinite inexactitudes, just as he ruined the Great Stupa of Sanchi. On one occasion so virulent was his blundering work at Oxford that it had to be removed in one clean sweep, leaving mangled trunks and sawn-off limbs to represent the Arundell Marbles, once so famous.

Yes, the gems and cameos were the one source of classic art undefiled to which our ancestors could turn, whether the specimens are older than Alexander or later than Augustus; and those who signed such works of art were craftsmen of a lofty order, bearing out Ben Jonson.

In small proportions we great beauties see,
And, in short measure, life may perfect be.

The seal ring, with its engraved stone or gem, was of no small importance in antiquity, the sign manual of the owner, the necessary witness to all legal deeds.

Hannibal, after the battle of Cannæ, almost captured Salapia by means of a forged letter with the seal of Marcellus, of which he had obtained possession; just as, centuries before, the elder Tarquin had seized the rings of the Etruscan chiefs whom he had conquered. Sulla's seal ring represented Bacchus and Jugurtha; Scipio's a conquered Spaniard; Cæsar's the armed Venus. Augustus had three in succession, a Sphinx, a head of Alexander, and his own portrait by Dioscorides, which he bequeathed to Mæcenas, whose own seal, be it remembered, was a frog. But these are all unknown, except to history; for those that still exist we must turn to museums, books, or casts.

Book illustrations are useful aids to memory now that our great English collection is inaccessible and the Continent closed; let us enjoy our casts, and thank the ghost of the ancestor wise enough to bring them home. Perseus and Andromeda, Endymion, and his dog; there they are in little, the originals were made in Ovid's time, too. Or the Renaissance may have a turn. Here is John of Bologna's Mercury—"new lighted on a heaven-kissing hill"; here a portrait of Michael Angelo; here the Beatrice Cenci of Guido—here the Doves, suffering, these two last, from the fact that one was reproduced from a painting, the other from a mosaic. Turn from them to the Blind Homer, the serene and noble Pericles (the British Museum copy had not then been found), the stately form of Sophocles, wrapped in his mantle, and learn what Greek portrait art can do. We must discount the Plato, it was surely but a Renaissance fiction, and set, in place of Dionysus once glorified by Plato's name, the all-too-Socratic face of the philosopher of beauty. Who would not be the better for having always at hand such memoranda of the past, such footnotes to history, such records of that grand tour? Do not we ourselves become immortal as we gaze upon their undying beauties?

Of course, you have a Laocöon and a Farnese Bull, and if the Guido painting suffers from being translated into a plaster cast in relief, these—is it rash to say it?—are none the worse for being in relief instead of in the round; they are less overwhelming, less obviously straining after effects impossible in stone, and their pictorial character comes out the better.

There is a story, so graceful in its delicacy—the story of two gentlemen—told by Horace Walpole. When Lord Carlisle, a great virtuoso, was in Rome in 1739, he asked leave to see Cardinal Ottoboni's collection of cameos and intaglios. The Cardinal gave leave, and ordered the person who showed them to observe which my Lord admired most; my Lord admired many. They were all sent him next morning. He sent the Cardinal back a fine gold repeater; who returned him an agate snuff-box, and more cameos of ten times the value. "Had my Lord produced more gold repeaters, it would have been begging more cameos." It is hard to say which comes out of it the best, the nobleman, the prelate, or the very young man who tells the story. Forty years later, Walpole had a case of conscience himself in connection with cameos. His friend, Sir Horace Mann, who had not the gift of knowing where lavish generosity should stop, had sent him an all-unnecessary addition to the collections at Strawberry Hill. "I must scold you very seriously," writes Walpole, "for the cameo you have sent me. This house is full of your presents and of my blushes. I love any one of them as an earnest of our friendship, but I hate so many . . . I never gave you anything, but a coffee-pot. . . . In one word, I will not accept the cameo, unless you give me a promise under your hand that it shall be the last present you send me. Do you think I have no conscience?" To have no conscience was, unfortunately, a common attribute of dealers in cameos. There was Jenkins, who, at Rome with Gavin Hamilton, helped to form several English collections of statuary, including among them some of the marbles, now at Lansdowne House, which once belonged to Piranesi. But that miserly old cynic Nollekens says that Jenkins had plenty of Italian rivals in his trade of "supplying the foreign visitors with intaglios and cameos, made

of the Colosseum, fitted up for 'em to work in slyly by themselves. I saw 'em at work, though; and Jenkins gave me a whole handful of 'em to say nothing about the matter." Jenkins, by the way, died after landing in a storm on the herring jetty at Yarmouth in 1798, having made no inconsiderable fortune both in partnership with Hamilton, "putting antiques together" and in making "antique" cameos, and later on his own account. "Bless your heart, he sold 'em as fast as they made 'em," the forged cameos, that is. What a verdict on the taste of the English traveller of the day! Yes, but are we much wiser? Has none of us ever bought one of those forged or worthless coins, "dug up in the Forum by my own father, Signor" (Comendatore Boni and a paternal Government have stopped that little game to-day), "*e molto, molto antico*"? Truly, we had better have followed the example of our ancestor—and bought casts.

But the real, original gem—what glow and glory of deep-set colour is in it, when held to or framed against the light. What flaming carnelian, what deep amethyst, what glowing gold of the topaz—and in their heart, hard as they are, what unmatched works of art. Take a many layered shell; see how the white, black, pink are used in their order to hint at—not to imitate—the colouring of life. See how this centaur-drawn chariot bears a youthful Cæsar on to victory; see the divine Augustus protecting his wife and stepson from the sky, while, hot from his German victories, comes Germanicus, welcomed by Rome and Tiber. More lasting than bronze; made by hands that loved them for eyes that adored their beauty, treasured as heirlooms, they look out upon us to-day, as marvellous after two thousand years as when Horace and Virgil first spoke to the hearts of men. Let us enjoy the loveliness of these gems, and admire the miracles of Nature in giving to the sea-shell, type of fragility, the power of disclosing form and colour to the patient artist, the quality of diuturnity, outlasting gorgeous palaces and solemn temples. Touched, but of a quality that has passed unchallenged, by Time's finger, they make a brave show after Eternity itself, and will charm the senses so long as mankind is susceptible to the lust of the eye.

IN THE FOURTH YEAR OF THE WAR.

IN the shooting lodge of Glen Gosian they were talking about the shortage of food the other evening, while they waited for the dinner gong to summon them to the bare nourishment which was all they could hope for in this, the fourth year of the war. It used to be ill-bred for English people to discuss victuals in any way but with their teeth. The Germans have changed all that; it is one of the many victories which their Kultur has already won over us. To-day we talk about food as eagerly and as continually as if we had been born and fattened in Berlin or Würsthem-am-Schnitzel. And so it seemed odd to nobody in the old antler-decked hall when up and said Cosmo Bayle, compounder and distributor of gases to the forces of their Majesties George V and Wilhelm II respectively—"When the war is over I am going to have a dinner to celebrate the event. I am going to eat it all alone and in perfect silence. This is the menu. A plain consommé, a fried sole, a dish of lamb cutlets à la Reform, a duckling with peas and new potatoes, ten sticks of giant asparagus, a Peach Melba, three olives and coffee. I shall drink Burgundy throughout, and smoke one Sullivan Sub Rosa cigarette between each course. This meal will take me two hours and a half to consume. As I eat I shall read the Vision of Mac Congline, which is nearly all about eating as the ancient Irish misunderstood it. I shall read it in the Ancient Irish, the better to taste its barbarous flavour and I shall reflect upon the advances which have been made in the meantime."

"When the war is over," said John Humphrey, Major, formerly cloth manufacturer, "you will be lucky, my poor friend, if you can bring all those things together within a couple of years. No doubt you

speak only of an ideal you have formed, a dream dinner which you would procure for yourself if you could. But I don't commend your choice at all. All that is flimsy stuff that you have imagined. Supposing I were ordering an End-of-the-War dinner, I would see that I had something I could put my teeth into, and I would have my wife sitting opposite to me while we ate it. For instance: five dozen oysters, a cod's head with egg sauce, a Chateaubriand with French beans and fried potatoes, a cherry tart with Devonshire cream, a piece of Stilton—a very large piece, mind you—and a King Pippin apple. I would wash all this down with real draught ale, and subsequently I would drink several glasses of the best port I could buy. As for tobacco, I would have a Corona two yards long. Let anyone better that if they can."

"I don't like your conditional mood, Humphrey," said Leonard Parker, who is painting the War for the Government of Alberta, but whose activities have recently been interrupted by a stray bit of shrapnel in his left shin. "I prefer to believe that I shall eat my dinner on the very evening of the Declaration of Peace. To blazes with your impossibilities! Such considerations rob one's feast of all flavour. This, then, is what I am going to do. My dinner will be of ten covers, for I shall have guests; an American, an Arab, a Belgian, a Frenchman, an Italian, a Japanese, a Montenegrin, a Roumanian, a Russian, and a Serb. I will begin with Martini Cocktails, and iced grape fruit, and then, Nieuport langoustes, a sturgeon, bœuf à la mode, macaroni Naples style, and a lamb en pilaf. I don't know what the Montenegrins, Roumanians and Serbs each particularly fancy, but I will find out and those dishes shall appear at table. For my Japanese I will have a huge bowl of rice. And for myself I will introduce somewhere a saddle of mutton and roast potatoes. We will drink everything from rye whiskey to saki and from Asti Spumanti to Advocat and vodka and each man shall smoke what he pleases."

Miss Stubbs, who plays the piano to full houses all over the world under the name of Conchita Ramon, and was at the moment back for a week from twenty-five months in a canteen near Amiens, said: "You men are very greedy brutes. I shall only have a modest high tea. My pièce de résistance will be a roast turkey with sausages and mashed potatoes, and I shall clear the dish. My tea will be China tea, and I shall have as much real butter as I want and fourteen kinds of jam, and twenty kinds of cake and many hot rolls of white wheaten bread. I shall finish my repast with two or three pounds of nutty Charbonnel chocolates, eaten slowly before a huge fire of coal. As I don't smoke, the question of tobacco doesn't arise. My guest will be the woman I happen to dislike most at the time, and I shall give her her choice among my jewels, her unrestricted choice. It is thus that I shall mark my gratitude to Heaven for the end of the war."

"By Gob!" said Reginald, late of Eton (no one knew his other name, but he was home on leave from France). "You've given me an idea, Miss Stubbs, and I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going to go up to dear old Laytons and I'm going to go for his bath buns till I can't breathe. And then I'm going to do it all over again—twice."

"And I," said Sylvia, Daughter of the House, V.A.D., and enteric convalescent, "shall go all round the West End and eat a different kind of ice cream at every confectioner's I strike."

"And I," said Putnam Vansloop, the owner of seven railways in the Middle East, and now spending his life principally in dodging submarines over the bosom of the Atlantic in order to do some unspecified business of his own in France, Great Britain and the United States of America, "shall have my usual digestive biscuit, I presume."

As he spoke, the gong sounded and the rest of the house party came hurrying into the hall. Then they went in to their wretched war-meal, the poor devils. What a mockery of their dreams it proved! by his own people, that he kept in a part of the ruins

Hotch-potch, fresh run sea trout, grilled and not an hour on the bank, haunch of venison with rowan jelly, soufflé potatoes and marrowfats, half a grouse apiece, a savoury omelette and a few William pears and grapes. That was all, except the Sauterne, the champagne, and the liqueurs and the coffee.

But in the fourth year of the war!—

LORD'S IN WAR TIME.

UNTIL Saturday last, war-time cricket at Lord's had proceeded with a certain air of unreality, except when the public schools were in possession. They played the game as it should be played; always on their toes in the field, quick to get across when the over was called, never loitering in the pavilion when it was time to go in. Their elders, however, seemed to have decided for a system of trench warfare rather than of warfare of movement. Perhaps they did not realise that the deliberation that had converted three days' county matches into ritual observances was doubly out of place in an affair that occupied but one morning and afternoon. Perhaps the surroundings depressed them. Lord's cannot be quite itself when stands are covered with matting, when there is only one scoring board visible, when the young men are at the front and the ladies are sewing socks for soldiers or serving in canteens. A few nets are visible on the practice ground, but the rest of it is occupied by pursuits of a sterner kind. Anyhow, with aeroplanes droning overhead, we confess that we have spent some dull hours at Lord's since August, 1914, changed the face of the world. The gaiety and display of Oxford and Cambridge, and Eton and Harrow matches seemed far away; Sir Timothy O'Brien and Mr. A. J. Webbe and Albert Trott have passed into remote history.

On Saturday, however, it was quite a return to the old state of things. That famous cricketer, Colonel F. S. Jackson, hit upon a capital idea when he got up the match on behalf of the Chevrons Club, and the takings at the turnstiles must have rejoiced his heart. In spite of doctors and engagements which kept away C. B. Fry, "Jacker" himself and others of note, two strong sides turned out, and those sides well representative of the Empire. They were led by two England captains in Captain Pelham Warner and Lieut.-Colonel Douglas; Australia supplied two characteristic bowlers in Major Barbour and Cadet A. P. Gregory, the bearer of a familiar name who may be the Cotter of the future; South Africa sent that lusty leg-hitter Lieut. H. W. Taylor; Ireland produced a trundler of some wiles but little luck in Lieut. Marriott, while Gunasekara, if he failed with the bat and ball, showed us that Indians can field.

Above all, the match proceeded with a keenness which has always been associated with village cricket, but which had tended to disappear from the three days' ceremonies, with their "playing for a draw," tea interval and the rest of it. The stand of Hobbes and Hardinge for the first wicket recalled many bygone partnerships, as of Brown and Tunnicliffe, and of Vernon and Sir Timothy O'Brien. The Surrey player exhibited all the grace of Arthur Shrewsbury with none of what sporting reporters call his "sedateness"; Hardinge, if a trifle laborious, was a credit to Kent coaching. And then came some smashing hitting by Captain Haig and Lieut. Fender and the Rev. F. H. Gillingham, who, when once he had got a sight of the ball, was indeed the Church aggressive. The match was one-sided, since it took Douglas some time to find his best pair of bowlers in Major Barbour and Lieut. Rotherham, a nephew, we are told, of Hugh Rotherham, who proved that the art of finding the way to the stumps had not deserted the family. But there was always something to watch; Major Tennyson vied with Gunasekara in the field; both wicket-keepers might have played for the Gentlemen, while in the Arctic evening Hendren laid about him with refreshing unconcern, though Fender and Stevens, the boy prodigy, were sending the wickets of his companions flying.

The match to raise funds for the Chevrons Club is not, we hope, without its bearings on the future. It teaches that, if both sides put their minds to it, an interesting game and a definite result can be compressed within the limits of a cricketing day. The public schools have already grasped this obvious fact, and among the healthy outcomes of the war one of the most satisfactory is to see Winchester playing Harrow once more, and Eton finding a new opponent in Charterhouse. It is no longer the case of "Winchester we know, and Harrow we know, but who are ye?", or whatever may be the correct version of that legendary reply. Are we to go back once more to that dreary old County Championship, in which towards the end of the season one side entered the field fagged out before a ball was bowled, and the other set itself to "compiling" a huge score at the rate of some thirty runs an hour? The County Championship was the invention of Fleet Street, and, like many other Fleet Street contrivances, it was rooted in evil. Fleet Street decreed that so many points should count for a win and so many for a draw, thereby triumphantly converting a game into a mathematical exercise. The M.C.C., not without the shaking of wise heads, ended by capitulating to Fleet Street.

Two considerations appear to militate against the re-conversion of cricket from an industry into an amusement. The first is finance. "We cannot," those who manage cricket grounds in the Fleet Street spirit declare, "we cannot maintain our professionals unless we pay them; we cannot pay them unless we keep our gates open." Very well, they should draw upon fewer professionals and more amateurs. The second is that democracy has annexed cricket for its own, and insists that there should be a game to watch during its ample hours of relaxation. Who can tell the origin of those multitudes that are glued to the seats at the Oval the livelong day? There they are, a leisured class, and, as such, open to the denunciation of Mr. Clynes. They will have cricket, and the best of its kind, and, if they cannot get it, they will take to thronging to base-ball matches. Would it be possible to ignore democracy; just to let it go? The policy would be a bold one, but Rugby football has faced a similar crisis and survived.

'THE LAW DIVINE.'

IN Mr. Esmond's new comedy at Wyndham's there is a wife who neglects her husband. She neglects him partly because she does not think it right to be happy in war-time, and partly because she has a natural liking for committees and public work. She installs a telephone by her bedside; and her husband, poor fellow, must sleep downstairs. He sleeps, it appears, with difficulty. He cannot help thinking of the time before his wife had begun to litter their bedroom with agenda and minutes of the last meeting to be confirmed and signed. Her husband is of that sanguine temperament which St. Paul had in mind when he framed his familiar eulogy of the married state. He burns consumedly. Later in the evening he will tell us all about it; but in the meanwhile we only know that his romances are suffering (for he is an author) and that he has fallen desperately in love with a beautiful widow, who, whispering "I will ne'er consent," is obviously incapable of any very serious resistance. His wife awakes to the situation in the third act; cuts off the telephone; puts on a wonderful evening gown; orders champagne for supper after the theatre; and talks at length about the honeymooning nights of eighteen years ago. Her husband at once forgets all about the beautiful widow; and we are left in no doubt that his conjugal rights will be restored with interest.

We have outlined the story of Mr. Esmond's new play because it is a better play than most and yet reveals conspicuously the faults to which English native drama is incorrigibly prone. It is a play full of sweetness and good humour and pleasant touches of veracious domestic portraiture. The dialogue is neat

and true (until it lapses into poetry). Wit peeps in and out of it, and in the course of the play much good sense is delivered. There is only one thing seriously wrong with it: the conclusion of the matter is wholly false to life. Husbands who have fallen out of love with their wives do not fall into love with them again because they put on pretty frocks for supper, more especially a husband who five hours before was prepared to risk his home and reputation for another woman. Mr. Esmond either knows this and cannot bear to admit it, like so many kind and considerate authors who cannot endure their heroes and heroines to be unhappy, or he writes as a recluse who has learned, not from life itself, but from the nicer books about life. In real life Mr. Esmond's hero would have been charmed and touched by his wife's pretty gesture of amendment. Like a decent fellow, he would (or perhaps he would not) have resolutely turned his back on the beautiful widow. He would have done his best to patch things up and might even have consented to fill the void in his wife's bedroom created by the banished telephone. But he would not have recaptured the first fine, careless rapture of eighteen years ago. In the English domestic drama passion can be switched on and off like the electric current. In real life it is as difficult to rekindle as a patent benzene pipe-lighter. Nor can Mr. Esmond justify his conclusion by asking us to believe that his hero loved his wife all the time. Mr. Esmond cannot have it both ways, though, like most dramatic authors, he thinks he can. If his hero loved his wife all the time his hero did not love the beautiful widow; and his pulsating declaration of love unblest should have left us with our withers quite unwrung. As it falls out, however, this declaration is quite the most moving thing in the play, despite Mr. Esmond's tendency to an Asiatic style of writing on these occasions. We have seldom seen anything quite so appealing as Miss Barbara Hoffe's handling of a position which one would hardly have thought admitted by this time of any fresh or individual treatment.

"Thus bad begins and worse remains behind." Mr. Esmond's wife is equally false to the reality of such a catastrophe. A woman who has become so immersed in committees, so incorrigibly dowdy, so entirely used to the idea that her husband is not of very great account in the scheme of things, is no more likely to recover the passion of her youth than the man himself. She might perceive the errors of her domestic happiness. She might abolish the telephone and resolve that the widow must at all costs be suppressed. She might even put on the pretty frock and prepare supper for her husband. Over this supper they might meet in a friendly way and face the situation kindly and sensibly. They would think mostly of the children and would order their lives in as comely a fashion as possible. But it could not at this stage be a case for champagne and rope-ladders and swimming in the moonlight and binding the lady's hair twice round her beautiful white throat.

We are not blaming Mr. Esmond. Within the conventions universally recognised and practised by the English playwrights he has written a pleasant and amusing comedy. He has written a play, moreover, which takes up one aspect of a social question of some importance. The tendency among women to-day is to assume that public service of any kind is of a higher and more necessary quality than home service. The result of this will be many households such as Mr. Esmond describes. For thousands of women the best service they can do is still service at home. On women's work at home depends to a great extent the morale of the country, the smooth working of the scores of economies and regulations whereby our lives are now conditioned, all that comes under the head of general management, and, most of all, the care of the country's children in the enforced absence of some five million men. This is least of all a time for Mrs. Jellaby, and yet the Mrs. Jellabys abound. A really fine play, right outside the ordinary theatrical conventions, might be written on this theme. Though Mr.

Esmond has not chosen to write it, he has pointed the way, and may chance to strike misgiving into a matron's bosom here and there.

The play is uniformly well acted. More particularly there are two bright boys, a naval boy and a military boy, who greatly please the audience. We like the naval boy the better, but tastes here are not unanimous. In our view Mr. Pat Somerset easily carries off the principal acting-honours of the production. All that he says and does is exactly right. Mr. Esmond has fitted him with the best phrases of the play and only once allows him to go wrong. Surely he would not have been quite so callous to the effect on his friend of the information that his friend's father was on the point of misconducting himself with the beautiful widow, more especially as this friend of his was so obviously a mother's boy.

QUIS CUSTODIET?

Hail, thou bright Democracy;
Welcome, come and bring with thee
Strife, and dear dishonesty—
Let complete disorder prove
Thou dost reign. More swiftly move
Through thy realm, and widely teach
Honour lies in wrongful breach
Of the solemn compact made,
If its terms you can't evade.
Learn the labourer not to tire,
And to claim a double hire;
That to toil can but degrade;
So let strikes be half his trade.
Call Police to join the band
Gaily marching through the land,
While the burglar, and the thief,
Laud them for this rich relief;
In accord with Union rules
Seize the property of fools,
Who abroad do fight and die
For thy sake, Democracy.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PUBLIC HOUSE TRUST COMPANIES.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I shall be glad if you will permit me to reply in brief to the remarks of your contributor of the 17th August on the Methods of the Home Counties P.H. Trust, Limited. The company is familiar with this kind of armchair criticism which nowhere condescends to evidence and arrives at merely nebulous conclusions; but your contributor is not only vague in argument, but so entirely ignorant of the facts with which he deals as to suggest that he is the mouthpiece of some not unbiassed person. I take it that his chief complaint is that the company professes to attack the temperance problem as a whole, but in practice takes over only such houses as are already doing its own kind of business, and avoids the houses where reform is needed. If that were so, then the charge of hypocrisy might be justified. But nothing could be further from the truth.

The company controls 108 fully licensed houses of every description—the large hotel, London and provincial, the roadside inn, the town tavern, the village hostelry and the workmen's canteen, in every kind of neighbourhood down to the lowest slum. Your contributor is good enough to say that "in so far as it may have raised the general level of a certain class of licensed houses, the Public House Trust deserves well." It would be interesting to have his definition

of the "certain class," which includes both the Gas Light & Coke Co.'s canteen at Beckton and the Station Hotel at Stafford, both the Fox and Goose Inn at Fressingfield in the byways of Suffolk and one of the largest taverns in London on the High Road at Kilburn.

The writer affirms that a drink shop will, Trust or no Trust, remain a drink shop. We would cite as instances to the contrary the Pavilion, Wood Lane, and the Hoop & Grapes, Aldgate, where a catering trade has been created under the company's control and men induced to do the impossible—eat as well as drink. Your contributor gives us no credit and does himself none in implying that the influence of environment is of no importance, and he is grotesquely inaccurate in his suggestion that the provision of non-intoxicants and food has not led towards temperance.

It is not possible within the limits of a letter to go into details, but we would invite your contributor's consideration of the following facts. The company has served some sixty millions of customers without a single conviction for drunkenness or permitting drunkenness. (He asks for statistics!) It has raised the percentage of non-alcoholic receipts from 10 to 55 per cent. of the total. It has effected this result with houses which had, in many cases, ruined their previous owners, while it has made each and all profitable, and no house which it has acquired has yet been given up.

We do not profess to do what the Trade could not do—but what in most cases it will not do. It is true that "the greater number of public houses in the country were, and still are, drinkshops." But the Trust is only in its infancy.

Yours faithfully,
ALEXANDER F. PART,
Managing Director.
Home Counties P.H. Trust, Ltd.

MONTENEGRO.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Will you kindly allow space in your valuable journal for the following protest against Mr. Alex. Devine's deliberate misrepresentations in regard to Serbia and Montenegro?

King Nicolas has never advocated the principle of a Jugo-Slav Federation only. His Majesty's sacred ideal, and his life's ambition, was always the unity of all Serbian-speaking peoples, and the re-establishment of the great Serbian Empire. For this he has worked most strenuously, and by means of books, poems, and speeches has sought to inspire the peoples of Bosnia, Herzegovina, Macedonia, Serbia, Montenegro, Croatia, Dalmatia, Slovenia, Banat, Batchka and Sirmia. To this end the Montenegrins have fought and shed their blood ever since the battle of Kossovo.

Mr. Devine spells Liverpool and pronounces Manchester. He extols "cricket," but does not play it himself. Why does he beat about the bush, instead of expressing his heart's desire? which is—the unity of all the Jugo-Slavs under one ruler, and that ruler—King Nicolas. Or, failing this, a federation split into different States, thus leaving an open door for future intrigues.

But because the young hero, Alexander, Prince Regent of Serbia, was chosen instead of King Nicolas, Mr. Devine would rather leave the oppressed Slavs under the Austro-Hungarian yoke. Is that "cricket"? Mr. Devine, in his book 'Montenegro' (page 12), says that "King Nicolas was prepared to place himself under the authority of Michael Obrenovitch, Prince of Serbia, and even to give up his throne if by these means Serbian unity might be achieved." Yet on page 115 he says (no doubt this is his own idea) "Montenegro has always been in favour of the union of all the Slavs, but not of a union merely of Montenegro with Serbia." Is not this inconsistent? If King Nicolas offered to surrender his throne to Prince Michael, to whom he was not related, what reason could he have against surrendering it to his grandson?

Mr. Devine very kindly offers to enlighten the British public, "who may know nothing of the Balkans and Balkan politics except by reading newspaper articles." Will Mr. Devine as kindly tell us from what source he derives his knowledge? Did he gather so much himself during his stay of a few days in Montenegro that he feels able to enlighten "the ordinary reading and thinking Englishman"?

I must also protest against Mr. Devine accusing the Serbians of slandering the Montenegrin people. That is a gross misrepresentation on Mr. Devine's part, and I challenge him to prove it. Nobody, not even their enemies, still less their brothers, has as yet uttered a single disparaging word of these heroic people. The Montenegrin people have much loftier ideals of morality and heroism than Mr. Devine is aware of.

With reference to the surrender of Mount Lovtchen, and the consequent rapid invasion of Montenegro by the enemy, for which King Nicolas and his sons are blamed by his own subjects only, the facts, whatever they are, are doubtless well known to the leading statesmen of the Allies, who will form their own opinion, against which Mr. Devine's protest will carry no weight whatever.

Yours faithfully,
D. JANITSEK.

Polperro, Lyncroft Garden, N.W.

A PARADISE OF SOCIALISM.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I appreciated very much the article in THE SATURDAY REVIEW on 'A Paradise of Socialism,' and agree with most of the writer's remarks, though I may say that in Switzerland there is not quite such a joyous disposition to be controlled as he believes.

But "Individualist" does not seem to be very conversant with modern Switzerland when he writes in the letter, published by THE SATURDAY REVIEW of 31st August, that the Swiss are a nation of hotel and bank managers and that their country produces no individual talents. To quote only a few names: Carl Spitteler is acknowledged as one of the greatest, if not the greatest poet of our days; Boecklin and Hodler are painters of world renown; Gustave Doret is a music composer of great talent, and everybody connected with literature knows the novelists Gottfried Keller and Edouard Rod. For their statesmen the Swiss find common sense and patriotism sufficient in politics without needing a genius.

Believe me, yours faithfully,
A. E. BOREL.

CO-OPERATIVE STORES AND INCOME TAX.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The "Looker-on" writes on 24th August that he found my letter on 10th inst. "very interesting," but, unfortunately, in his view "it failed entirely to meet the vital issue that the co-operative societies transact yearly a huge volume of business and yet they wholly escape payment of income tax." If the private traders had transacted the same amount of business there would have been in the opinion of some experts, he says, an annual addition to the national revenue of £2,000,000. Personally, he believed it would be over £3,000,000, and he regrets that through the intervention of co-operative societies the shop-keepers were deprived of opportunities to be busier and more financially patriotic than they now are. This deprivation is characterised as a glaring injustice.

But if private traders rather than co-operators had conducted the same volume of business would the same taxable profits be realised? In the letter referred to I pointed out that the profits on the turnover shown in the certified accounts of co-operative societies were due to co-operators' special methods of carrying on their business of production and distribution. Few of these methods were usually obtainable in the activities of shop-keepers, especially in those of the minor grade, and where seen the results, it was believed, were not always disclosed by the trader.

On this subject of disclosure of profits for income tax purposes a very widely-read morning newspaper had something to say on 23rd August. It then informed its readers "that the income tax conscience is often strangely accommodating. People who would shrink from dishonesty in their dealings with other people are sometimes said to believe that there is no dishonesty in besting that intangible entity the State. But the man who evades income tax is a cut-purse to his fellows. It has been estimated that if everybody paid his proper share the income tax would be reduced by a third. That may be an extreme figure, but there has been a notable 'gingering-up' of tax-payers by surveyors and assessors who have found, it is said, rich rewards from investigation into apparently insignificant businesses in back streets." Just such businesses and streets, I may add, as working-class non-co-operators are accustomed to patronise.

No such charge of dishonesty can be made against co-operators. The profits due to their saving methods are certified by qualified auditors and widely published. If income tax is not charged thereon the omission is due less to the fact that the societies are registered under the Friendly Societies Acts than to the inability of successive Chancellors of the Exchequer to devise a method by which the tax could be collected in one sum from the societies without the Government having subsequently to return probably 99 per cent. of the amount in dribbles to the individual members who could prove that their incomes, after making the deductions sanctioned by the Act, did not reach the taxable limit. At present a considerable number of shareholders in limited liability concerns, whose incomes do not reach that limit, claim a return of the income tax deducted from their dividends, and the necessary investigation into the legitimacy of these claims occupies a large amount of official time. It is the experience gained in connection with these claims which makes the Government hesitate to add millions of co-operators to the list of claimants.

If "The Looker-on" can suggest an effective plan to overcome the difficulty in question he will earn the gratitude of whoever may then be at the head of the Treasury, but I warn him that the Chancellor will at the same time be armed with a more effective method of getting at the profits of traders than by "gingering-up" the apparently numerous dishonest section. He may ask for certified accounts like those of co-operators, or he may have shop-keepers assessed on their turnover, basing the assessment on the profits shown on their turnover by co-operative societies operating in the same area.

This reply will be an answer to the correspondent who writes from Manchester, the head-quarters of co-operation, and describes me as "a private or volunteer defender of co-operation disavowed by the central authority but none the less a member of the unofficial claques which trusts and similar organisations find it advantageous to smile on or even employ." I have never been in contact with the "central authority" and cannot therefore have been disavowed by those who constitute it. I am not aware that I have been smiled upon by that authority, but I do know that I have not desired and have not been offered employment by trusts and similar organisations.

My interest in co-operation is due to its beneficial effects as exhibited in working class circles in Edinburgh, and especially in its effects upon women who have been described as the mainstay of the movement in Scotland, as they probably are in the Midlands and North of England. Co-operation is not prominent in London and is almost unknown in the western area. The women therein are consequently deprived of opportunities to join and develop an organisation which has been of great benefit elsewhere to its members and their families.

The membership of the St. Cuthbert's Co-operative Association, Limited, Edinburgh, numbers 55,154 (out of a population of about 320,000), and the total for the half-year ending 5th March last amounted to

£1,269,492. It engaged largely in production and grows on its own land a considerable portion of the farm products required by the members. Presently the association encouraged by the success of its agricultural operations has largely added to its investments in land.

I am, etc.,

No. 18,358.

MODERN AMERICAN POETRY.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Given the Bard of the future, let his (or her) aim be the divorce of poetry from music, and he cannot do better than study the theses of Mr. W. Bryher in your current issue. Mr. Bryher is obsessed with the beauties of transatlantic verse, and supplies several convincing examples of his taste. In the absence of roses, he "waters the thorns"; but would he persuade us that they are identical, or that prose has only to be chopped into sufficiently uncertain periods to become poetry?

Yours faithfully,

Q. E. F.

LORD DERBY AND STATE RAILWAYS.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The assertion of "Historicus" in your issue of last Saturday to the effect that the sixteenth Earl of Derby (father of the present Earl) was fond of nothing but racing has caused much pain among your numerous readers in Lancashire. The sixteenth Earl was loved throughout Lancashire. No kinder, no more courteous man has lived. No one was more perfectly fitted than he with the grand old name of gentleman.

A man who is fond of nothing but racing does not become Secretary for War, Governor General of Canada, the biggest farmer in the country, not to mention being Lord Mayor of Liverpool, Guild Mayor of Preston and a tireless worker in innumerable good causes.

Yours truly,

W. A. BALMFORTH.

1, Holmwood Road, Withington.

SHORTAGE OF NURSES.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I write to appeal for a hospital which I have known for thirty years to be doing a splendid work for the children of East London, and this is the Queen's Hospital for Children, Hackney Road, Bethnal Green. Not being a distinctly War Charity, it has been badly hit by the war. It has been obliged to close two wards (18 beds) for want of nurses. To enable these wards to be re-opened for the children, several ladies are needed to join the staff as Probationer Nurses. About 700 children are brought there every week, and the attendances number about 2,000 weekly. A great many of these cases require admission to the wards, and there is always difficulty in finding beds. With 18 beds withdrawn, out of a total of 134, this difficulty is, of course, greatly increased. The work of nursing the sick child is of the greatest importance to the nation, and those who join this branch of the Nursing Profession will realise that they are indeed helping their country in its vital interests.

Any offers should be addressed to the Matron.

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) A. F. LONDON.

London House, 32, St. James's Square, S.W.1

A LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In your issue of August 31st, your correspondent, "Rose Armitage," suggests that the proposed League of Nations might prove more of a curse than a blessing to our Empire, in that Germany cannot be trusted as one of its components, for at any moment,

"if it suited her statesmen's purpose, the rules of a League of Nations would be torn to shreds and scattered to the winds."

If this estimate of Germany is a correct one—and it undoubtedly finds widespread acceptance—it would appear to be an additional argument in favour of the establishment of the League—with or without Germany, but preferably with her. Your correspondent speaks of a "force" which "Germany might secretly mobilise." Now it requires little argument to prove that secret mobilisation or other preparations for aggressive warfare would be considerably more difficult for a member of the League (subject, as she would be, to periodical inspection by its officers) than for a nation outside its restraining influence. If therefore, Germany's rulers should show sufficient signs of grace to express a desire to enter a League of Nations, it may be taken for granted that they have abandoned all extravagant dreams of world-conquest and aggression, which can only be indulged in with any hope of success by a nation which has not forgone certain of its "sovereign rights" by entering a League of Nations.

It cannot be too strongly urged that the question of including Germany in a League of Nations (provided, it need hardly be added, that she is willing to join) is one, not of morals or of sentiment, but of sound common sense. No self-respecting citizen should be found willing to mortgage the safety of future generations of mankind for the sake of a pitiful present "revenge."

Yours, etc.,

JESSIE BIDDLE,

(Press Secretary, The League of Nations Society).

THE SERBIAN POINT OF VIEW.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I should like to ask Mr. H. T. Gibb whether when speaking of the "politicals" or "intellectuals" he refers to the present or last generation? Further, whether he speaks from hearsay only, or from personal acquaintance of those he now condemns?

I remain, sir,

Your obedient servant,

HENRI KENTOUT.

6, Inverness Gardens, Kensington, W.8.

AFTER THE WAR.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Referring to the opening paragraph of to-day's issue of THE SATURDAY REVIEW, one is inclined to ask who is the big gainer by this war? Who is calculating on more gain, at the cost of the community, when peace comes? Who is wantonly thwarting, on occasions, the successful prosecution of the war by striking? The answer in each case is obviously the "Horny-handed sons of toil"! *Absit omen.*

Yours faithfully,

H. A. D.

THE FOUNTAIN OF HONOUR.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The plea for discrimination in the disposal of honours put forward in *The Times* the other day by twenty-five public men, including Lord Salisbury, Lord Selborne, Lord Parmoor, President, and Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Past President, of the British Constitution Association, is opportune. It brings to mind the resolution passed by that Association in October last. The resolution is well worth quoting, it deals with a matter on which reiteration will be necessary. The resolution was as follows:—

"That the discussion in the House of Lords on the 7th August last, on the motion of the Earl of Selborne, K.G., calling attention to the alleged sale of honours, calls for the serious consideration of all who care for the good government of the country and the well-being of the community; and in the opinion of the Council and Committee of the Association, a special body should be instituted to advise

the Sovereign on the discharge of his duties in conferring honours upon British subjects, other than those conferred on members of the Army and Navy, and that the party funds should be subject to audit and publication."

The twenty-five, in their letter, point out that "a Minister overwhelmed by public duties of the most arduous kind cannot possibly supervise the distribution of honours, or prevent the monetary corruption and debasement of standards which assuredly ensue." They add: "It is an additional and very grave evil that the money obtained by the disgraceful traffic in honours has gone to swell, and, if rumour is true, has mainly constituted, the large Party funds which are at the service of Party leaders and are used for Party purposes."

They have no desire to embarrass the Government. They urge that it is impossible for the Prime Minister to spare the time necessary for supervising the Honours List, and they conclude their letter as follows:—

"This subject will again be brought forward in Parliament after the recess. We hope that these considerations will induce His Majesty's Government to help in securing some effective safeguard, such as the transfer of this patronage from Ministers to an independent Committee of the Privy Council, or some other preferable remedy. We do not believe that Mr. Lloyd George can desire a continuance of this evil any more than we do ourselves. The men who most deserve honours are nearly all under arms, and at the present time it is the names of these men that the country would prefer to see in the Honour Gazettes."

I am, yours faithfully,

MARK H. JUDGE.

7, Pall Mall, S.W. 1.

THE POLICE STRIKE.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—It may interest your readers to know that the Police arranged their strike the very day they held their annual Fête at the Zoological Gardens. A few days before, they had a house-to-house collection, for the sale of tickets, and the public must have given generously, judging by the crowds in the Garden. If wily Robert had "touted" for money this week, would he have reaped the golden harvest he did? I think not. A policeman said, that, being married, with two children, he could not live "decently" on their pay of £2 7s. He quite ignored the 12s. 6d. bonus, and the 5s. for the children. Would it surprise this Guardian of Law and Order to know that many a well-born officer's widow, with two children, lives on very much less than £3 4s. 6d. weekly? Mr. Lloyd George is said to be delighted that the terms were accepted. A strange subject, indeed, for our Premier's delight.

Yours faithfully,

CITIZEN.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The following is from an inscription on a tombstone in Windsor Cemetery:—

"In loving memory of John Pearman, ex-inspector Bucks Constabulary. Formerly Sergeant 3rd King's Own Light Dragoons.

Present at

Buddewal, Aliwall, Sohraon,

1846.

Ramnugger, Passage of Chenab, Soodulapore,

1848.

Chillianwalla, Goojerat,

1849.

Born, 24th February, 1819.

Died, 28th November, 1908.

Aged 89 years."

John Pearman is the type of man suitable for the police in these days of strikes and ructions.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

DONALD NORMAN REID.

15, St. Mary's Square, Paddington.

REVIEWS.

A SUPERNATIONAL SOUL.

Dr. Muehlon's Diary. Cassell & Co. 5s. net.

WE are not surprised that the German authorities have described Dr. Muehlon as "a neurasthenic," for to the orthodox German everyone who believes in Justice, Humanity, and Truth is neurotic; and his diary raises an old but still unsettled question. Is a man morally bound to defend his country, right or wrong? or does he owe a superior obligation to truth, to honour, to honesty, to mercy, in a word, to humanity? Lord Hugh Cecil, in his letter to the Dean of Christchurch, wrote of an allegiance wider than that to a nationality, of a supernational patriotism, a loyalty to the universal cause of morality amongst men. The majority of men believe in "my country, right or wrong"; and to them Dr. Muehlon must appear in the light of a traitor, or a neurotic, as the Germans call him. We are certain that if he had been an Englishman, and written of England as he has of Germany, he would have been overwhelmed by abuse—not that England has ever deserved the scorn and invective which Dr. Muehlon pours on Germany. The small number of men who believe that loyalty to Right transcends the allegiance to a country will hail Dr. Muehlon as a supernational hero and martyr. Leaving aside this vexed point of ethics, the Diary, translated into clear and forcible English, is of supreme interest, because it is the testimony against Germany of a man who was very much "in the know." From a different standpoint, Dr. Muehlon's evidence is quite as telling as that of Prince Lichnowski, far more valuable, it is hardly necessary to say, than that of an American dentist. Dr. Muehlon was a director of Krupps, and was pressed more than once to become the chairman or president of the most powerful armament company in the world. This brought him into intimate and confidential intercourse with the highest military and political officials, as well as with the big financiers of Germany. The Diary relates only to what must always be the most interesting period for the historian, the months immediately preceding and succeeding the declaration of war.

Dr. Muehlon knew all about the deliberate preparation for the "tiger-spring" on France and Belgium in July, 1914: as a director of Krupps, it was necessary that he should know. The most secret and absolute of despots must take somebody into his confidence: and it may safely be said that what Herr Krupp von Bohlen and his colleagues did not know about the Kaiser's intentions is not worth knowing. By this time all the world knows by heart every line of the plot between Germany and Austria to let slip the dogs of war; and Dr. Muehlon gives the German Kaiser his full share of the responsibility. In the face of Prince Lichnowski's Memoir and Dr. Muehlon's Diary it is astonishing that German statesmen and editors go on repeating their formula about "encirclement" and a war of defence. But Dr. Muehlon declares that the German people have been and are completely deluded by three classes, the professors, the clergy, and the editors. To an Englishman this is not readily comprehensible. For in this country the occupants of professorial chairs at the Universities hardly ever participate in political controversy, and only address the public on their special subjects. Still more distasteful to a Briton is the idea of the pulpit being pressed into the service of the Government. The attitude of our clergy of all denominations towards the war has been scrupulously correct—some ardent patriots think too correct. Our Press has certainly not been impeccable: but, compared with the German Press, it has been a mirror of truth and a model of chivalry. Nothing more surely marks the profound moral debasement of Germany since 1870 than the prostitution of the pulpit and the professorial chair to the service of militarism. The ministers of Christ defending rapine and glorifying murder are a sorry spectacle enough: but even more pitiable in our eyes is the gift of science's "transcendent dower" to the butchers of mankind.

Dr. Muehlon is a refined, brave, truthful man. We do not wonder that he "loathed" his business as a director of Krupps; that he has sold all that he has, bought a house in Switzerland, and shaken the dust of Germany off his feet. Here at least is a second man (Prince Lichnowski was the first) who has been put to death (politically speaking) "for want of well pronouncing shibboleth." Let us treasure his words, the more so, as we cannot read them altogether without shrinking—some of them apply to our own too powerful Press. In Germany the Government dictates to the Press. In England the Press dictates to the Government. Both forms of tyranny are bad: but how long will it be before the Prussian tyranny prevails in England, and we have a Government Press?

"Perhaps what most fills one with shame is the inferiority of the German Press in relation to England. Along with much that is stupid and spiteful, the English newspapers contain a great deal that is just and appreciative towards the Germans, while the latter have nothing but vulgar threats, envious scorn, and filthy insults for everything English." This was written in October, 1914: to-day, perhaps, the praise is no longer our due. "To crown its impudence the German Press proclaims its bungling fictions, even to neutral countries, as the pure truth, and calls upon neutrals to defend them. An indignant refusal is echoed back from the neutral Press, which says rightly we are the people who publish nothing but cheap bombast and glorification of ourselves; that we either kill foreign views with silence or comment on them maliciously, unless they promise to serve us as seconds in the duel; that humanity, moderation, and justice are never mentioned in our newspapers, only senseless accusations, horrible threats, and appeals to have no scruples and show no mercy. When German scholars send vile papers like the *Leipziger Neueste Nachrichten* to Swiss professors 'for the sake of truth,' it is clear enough how utterly the Germans fail to understand what Europe already is and will remain." And this is a German's account of the famous German propaganda which we are exhorted to imitate!

"Everywhere now the German Government has its emissaries whose mission it is, not to convince, but to bribe the newspapers of foreign countries so that they may write in a manner favourable to Germany. Everyone in Germany refuses to believe that there is any more effective means than bribery." Nor does the gross cynicism of the German Government stop at the Press. "So far as foreign countries are concerned, the German mind paints a very simple picture of the world. Even high politics are now to be conducted in the same simple manner. Where the intelligence of the diplomatists failed, the donkey with the sacks of gold is to succeed. When the Foreign Office and Army men have no private channels of their own, they inquire whether the great business firms have confidential agents abroad to slip into the pockets of the leading foreign statesmen the millions required to produce a change in their sentiments." Is not this, by the way, the creed of "The Hidden Hand" party in this country, the persons of "a low intelligence and a high credulity" who believe that not only a section of the Press, but Ministers of State, have been bribed by Germany? There is a touch of Heine, in his savage mood, in the following passage. "Yes, my dear Germans, learn before it is too late! No one wants the bleached bones of your prey which you propose to throw to them. No; what everyone wants, what everyone is resolved upon, is to seize you firmly by the scruff of the neck and to exact the penalty for those you have butchered in the vigour and prime of their life. Holland is no more to be lured than France by a tit-bit of Belgium. Europe has begun to turn to a better religion, but you are still heathens." If these Isaiah-like words were written in the autumn of 1914, what would Dr. Muehlon write in this autumn of 1918? On November 14th, 1914, there is a passage on "spymania" in England not wholly inapplicable to the present day. "Around the level-headed Englishman there frolics or gibbers a world of semi-apes, whom he turns to his uses or drives back behind their barriers

directly they annoy him. This imperturbable self-assurance, combined with a phantastic and credulous distrust of everything 'not normal,' i.e., not English, has had the result that all Germans and naturalised Germans are now, in the eyes of Englishmen, spies. It makes no difference if an Englishman of German origin has sons serving in the British Army or Navy; he and his family are suspects, and must be prevented from doing harm. . . . One could almost laugh, if one did not pity the poor victims—those timid, clumsy, industrious fugitives who had hoped to exchange their native Germany for a better land." This passage is a little ambiguous, and we are not sure that we understand it. Can it be that by the frolicking and gibbering semi-apes Dr. Muehlon meant to designate General Page Croft and the National Party?

WEIGHTY WORDS.

Selected Papers on Social and Economic Questions by Sir Benjamin Browne, edited by his Daughters. Cambridge University Press. 7s. 6d. net.

FEW words are more instructive to the coming generation than those of a man who has been eminently successful in his profession, and has enough cultivation of mind to apply principles to practice. The late Sir Benjamin Browne was a distinguished engineer, whose life from the age of seventeen was spent on his profession at Newcastle-on-Tyne. He had the advantage of not belonging by birth to the commercial class, for he was the son of a Gloucestershire country gentleman, who was also colonel of the 9th Lancers, and in his boyhood he hunted with the Duke of Beaufort and the Berkeley. He was educated at Westminster (in the mid-Victorian era a great public school), and at King's College, London, and, at the age when most boys are preparing for Oxford or Cambridge he began his apprenticeship at Elswick under Sir William Armstrong. The essentially practical nature of the engineer's profession delighted him, and he was fond of saying, "It is a great thing to have your theories tested at once. If your political scheme is a mistaken one, it may take years to prove it so; but if your theory of a bridge is not right, it tumbles down."

It is this combination of the practical with the theoretical view that makes these papers and addresses, on labour, trade, capital, land, engineering, shipbuilding, so valuable to the student of economics. Sir Benjamin Browne had two important propositions, which he was never tired of laying before working men, and which recur constantly like a *motif* throughout this volume. The first was that for every £1 awarded to capital as interest £10 were spent in wages. This, he maintained to be true of nearly all manufacturing concerns. The second was that all the great industries of the country, particularly engineering, shipbuilding, and coal getting, are the subjects of investment, and not manufacturers of luxuries. In other words, that the owners of money will not subscribe the capital necessary to support these industries unless they can get a reasonably safe and adequate interest on their investment. Nobody subscribes to a colliery, or a railway, or a shipping line, for the fun or excitement of the thing. If the investor cannot get 4 per cent. (this was said before the war—Sir Benjamin would be obliged to say 5 or 6 per cent. to-day), he simply puts his money elsewhere, abroad, in the Argentine or Africa, or the Colonies. Anything that raises a 4 per cent. to a 5 per cent. investment increases the chance of attracting the necessary capital. If the trade unions insist on such high wages being paid that there is no margin left for capital, the capital will not be forthcoming. We are afraid that nothing but the bitter experience of financial catastrophes, lock-outs, and the poverty of unemployment, will ever teach the rising generation of artisans that they cannot compel capital to lend itself. There was another fallacy which Sir Benjamin Browne did his best to dispel, the mistake that ship-owners, colliery owners, etc., make enormous profits. The average rate of

profit over a period of years must be taken. Colliery companies, for instance, make in some years 30 per cent. profit, which must be set off against the years when they make nothing or a loss. Sir Benjamin is emphatic in stating that the average profits of sound industrial concerns do not exceed 4 or 5 per cent.

We have said that Sir Benjamin Browne had the advantage of being born a gentleman, and this fact cleared his mind of the prejudice against employees which too often beset the born commercial. His attitude towards his artisans was always courteous and sympathetic, and sincerely friendly. Sir Benjamin was a Churchman and a moderate but staunch Conservative, believing in the House of Lords and the rights of property, while in private life he seems to have been a gay and interested talker. Although these papers are under the disadvantage of having been written or spoken before the war, they contain moral and economic truths which no events can impugn.

'OF BATTLES LONG AGO.'

At Antwerp and the Dardanelles. By the Rev. H. C. Foster. Mills and Boon. 2s 6d. net.

HOW long ago the fall of Antwerp and the Gallipoli expedition seem, though the first happened in the autumn of 1914, and the second in the spring of 1915! So rapidly do we live now that both can be classed amongst the "old, unhappy, far-off things" that we would like to forget, or think of only as bad dreams. This interesting little book is written by the late Chaplain of the Second Royal Naval Brigade, and offers us the authentic and vivid description of an eye-witness. Mr. H. C. Foster is, to judge him from these pages, an admirable type of those devoted sons of the Church who are affectionately called by soldiers and sailors "padres," and who (as is not, perhaps, recognised), run quite as great risks as the sons of Mars, for they appear in the hottest of the fight to help to carry off the wounded and to administer to the dying the consolation of religion. Mr. Foster has not anything new to tell us; the newspapers have written these two episodes down to the bone; but he stoutly defends, like the loyal and honourable servant of the King that he is, the policy and the results of what he admits to be the two failures of the war by adopting the view that they were "splendid failures." We are none of us in a position as yet to judge of the splendour: the failure is beyond dispute.

The truth is that the Marine Brigade and the first and second Naval Brigades, filled with reserve men and volunteers, arrived too late to be of any military use, while the inferiority of Antwerp's artillery (supplied by Krupp) was such that the town must have fallen before the big German guns, be its defenders who they might. The Marine Brigade, the Second Naval Brigade, and one battalion of the First Naval Brigade retreated from Antwerp with the Belgians, and returned safely home by Bruges and Ostend. Three battalions of the First Naval Brigade, the Hawke, the Collingwood, and the Benbow, did not receive the order to retreat in time, so that when they arrived at the Scheldt they found the bridge blown up by their Belgian comrades (as was right and necessary), and they escaped into Holland, where they have been interned ever since. The official defence of the transaction is contained in the message sent to the Royal Naval Division on their return by the First Lord of the Admiralty (Mr. Winston Churchill). It may be summarised in a sentence: the Naval Division delayed for five or six days 60,000 Germans before Antwerp. It also contains the statement that "the defence of the inner lines of Antwerp could have been maintained for some days; and the Naval Division only withdrew, when ordered to do so, in obedience to the general strategic situation, and not on account of any attack or pressure by the enemy." Hum, hum! Mr. Churchill appears to be an apt pupil of the writer of the German communiqués.

The rest of this little volume is taken up with a description of the thrice-told tale of the landing at

Cape Hellas. Rupert Brooke appears to have had a remarkable fascination for all who came in contact with him. This is not the place for a discussion of his poetry, further than to express our opinion that he might have become a poet, but that he only showed the potentiality in his verses. Mr. Foster tells us the pathetic story of his burial in an olive grove on an Aegean Island, which we think has appeared before. Like Archibald Don, Rupert Brooke did not die in battle, but of fever. Whether the Gallipoli expedition ought ever to have been undertaken, whether it failed because of defective generalship, or because there were not enough troops, whether the landings were made at the right places on the coast, whether, to put it personally, Mr. Churchill, Lord Kitchener, or Sir Ian Hamilton were to blame, or all three—these are questions which, as we said above, cannot be answered now, and perhaps never will be answered. Mr. Foster's defence is practically the same as that put forward for the Antwerp expedition. Mr. Foster tells us that the Dardanelles expedition occupied 500,000 of the best Turkish troops at a critical time, and prevented them possibly from taking Egypt. It may be that the terrible cost in carnage was justified by the results: but it remains for soldiers, lawyers, and historians to prove it.

THE SOUL OF THE NAVY.

The Secret of the Navy. By Bennet Copplestone. Murray. 7s. 6d. net.

THIS is an ill-constructed book, abounding in repetitions, but it is a good book all the same. Mr. Bennet Copplestone tells his story in spasms, but he thoroughly understands what on his title-page he calls the "secret" of the Navy, and in his text its "soul." That entity consists, in a phrase, of "a spiritual force, compounded of tradition, training, devotion and discipline." We have borrowed that definition from Mr. Copplestone, but we are not sure that, as a Devonshire man, he does not go a shade too far when he declares that, "The Navy is still the old English Navy of the southern maritime counties of England." Many sailors are Cockneys; many hail from the East Coast, and every man-of-war has a good sprinkling of Scots, more especially in the ward-room. Be that as it may, Mr. Copplestone is justified in his robust belief that the Germans, who are not natural seamen, but are hampered into seamen, can never beat us, unless our politicians let the country down. Our enemies are brave in the mass, but there comes a moment when drill fails them and their nerve gives way. In design, too, they are no more than faithful copyists, slavishly building Dreadnoughts after the British pattern, while our own are becoming obsolete. And, whatever scaremongers may say to the contrary, their rate of construction lags behind ours.

Mr. Copplestone brings out the soul of the Navy in argument, narrative and dialogue. The service is a thing apart; its cadets are caught young, and trained to look on their ship as their home and their wife. The same system applies to the petty officers and warrant officers; they, too, are taken early off the land, from naval families wherever possible, and the sea claims them for her own, in life, and it may be in death. "The Huns," quotes Mr. Copplestone, "think that two years make a gunlayer; we know that even twelve years are not enough." The result of this segregation is a profession of somewhat narrow interests. The "temporary officers and gentlemen" from the Universities with which the Navy has been diluted during the war have discovered, with superior pain, that their

brother-officers have no souls above cheap fiction and revue. But that is because their real souls are intent upon mastering all the details that make up the intricate machine whose decks they tread, and on imbibing the concentrated yet ardent spirit for the proper working of that machine in combination with other machines. Yes, the Navy may be too much of a type for Bond Street, and one naval officer may talk too much like another for Mayfair, but no fitter instrument for the security of an Empire has ever been devised. Its pathos comes from the crushing competition for the higher ranks, which relegates to half-pay—and poor pay at that—men who are in their prime and who have been divorced from civilian life since their boyhood. The war gave such luckless ones their chance again, and nobly they used it, as in the instance of the officer who had been in retirement for over forty years, and who fell at Zeebrugge, serving as a temporary Lieutenant-Commander among lads young enough to be his grandsons.

The chapters illustrative of the soul of the Navy deal with the various engagements of the war in a spirit of patriotic criticism combined with a discretion which is baffling at times. It is difficult to decide when Mr. Copplestone is retailing the information of those in high places, and when he is drawing inferences on his own account. But his account of the battle of Jutland, if obscure here and there, is, on the whole, a sound and eloquent piece of work. Those qualified to form an opinion will probably agree with him that the German gunnery was good during the first phase of the battle, and our own rather disappointing; or rather that results did not work out quite as practice had led experts to think they would. He also rightly attributes the failure of the Fleet to envelope and destroy the Germans utterly to poor visibility and want of sea-room. Admiral Scheer undoubtedly conducted his retreat with consummate skill, fending Jellicoe off by torpedo onslaughts, and so escaping from the grip of his two horns. But as wiseacres have been busy with that fine sailor's name and fame, it is good to read Mr. Copplestone's deliberate opinion that Jellicoe's part was incomparably more difficult than Beattie's, for upon him, though absent, the whole issue of the battle depended. This is no disparagement of Beattie, who amply earned the Admiral's praise of his "fine qualities of gallant leadership, firm determination and correct strategic insight."

Praise is bestowed on the enemy by Mr. Copplestone where praise is due, as on the escape of the *Goeben* and the *Breslau* in the Mediterranean through Souchon's masking his intentions and outmanœuvring his powerful British opponents, and on von Spee's clever concentration which enabled him to silhouette poor Cradock on the skyline and smash up his under-gunned squadron at leisure. But Sturdee's concentration which brought about the victory of the Falkland Islands, was abler still; and the much be-praised German secret service was much at fault when it allowed the *Invincible* and *Inflexible* to leave Devonport and coal off St. Vincent and Brazil, without a whisper of his fate reaching the doomed von Spee. And then we get the action between the *Sydney* and the *Emden*, worthy to live in naval history with that of the *Shannon* and *Chesapeake*; and the *Glasgow's* long hunt up and down the ocean after the *Dresden* whom she tracked to her lair at Juan Fernandez. Altogether we can imagine no more attractive book than this for a boy whose heart is set on the Navy, and he is no Englishman who can gainsay the desirability of such an aim in a boy.

Why no index?

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CALVIN.

A Study of Calvin and other Papers. By Allan Menzies, with a Memoir by his Daughter. Macmillan. 10s. net.

IT is hardly too much to say that Calvin has had a greater influence on the world than any other man of his century, alike on friend and foe. He gave system to Protestant theology, he created the Puritan movement, and made the little republic of Geneva its bodily exemplar, while the reformation of the Church of Rome by the Council of Trent was in no small measure forced on it by the practical success of his teaching. Without personal or social vantage point, he became the quasi-infallible head of the Protestant churches of Western Europe, writing in terms of equality to princes or rulers of States; and this position he owed mainly to a book, the 'Institutes of the Christian Religion,' which is memorable in literature as being the first monument of modern French prose in the history of the world, as the first successful attempt to replace as interpreter of the holy Scripture the universal tradition of the Catholic Church by a codified and logical system which left no loopholes for private judgment.

The qualities to which his written word owed its success may be traced in the man. Clear-headed, iron-willed, autocratic, and logical, he elaborated in the successive editions of the *Institutes* and in his other works, a complete and self-consistent body of teaching, more Augustinian than St. Augustine himself, which depended for its validity, in the last instance, on the private judgment of Calvin himself. He never even considered the possibility that he could be in error, and regarded opposition to his teaching as wilful rejection of obvious truth. He was merciless to his opponents, descending to what we feel were shameful depths of meanness. He abused the Catholic theologians for refusing to accept the literal meaning of certain passages of Scripture, and employed their methods in explaining away others. He showed neither humour, nor grace, nor charm in his writings or his person.

The life and work of such a man repays study, and such study has not been wanting of late years. The best, from a literary point of view, is undoubtedly that of Faguet, who treats him somewhat from the point of view of Bossuet, less the religious bias. Brunetière has given us two studies of Calvin in his literary and religious aspects, strongly coloured by his own beliefs. From the theological standpoint a number of writers are quoted in Professor Moffat's note (pp. 124-5), which gives the reader a fair chance of gathering modern opinion about him, but there is still room for a first-rate work on Calvin. It would have been of the greatest interest to learn from such a leader of the Church of Scotland as Dr. Menzies exactly to what extent his teaching is still accepted by his nominal disciples. What, for example, is their standpoint with regard to predestination, and more especially the doctrine of reprobation which was set forth in such repellent terms by the seventeenth-century Calvinists? If this work had not been broken off by the author's sudden death, the first-rate book might have been written.

As, however, this study is not merely unfinished, but consists only of a number of brilliant fragments, dealing mainly with the personal side of Calvin's career, we are left without any hint of the author's judgment on what would have been the main topic of the work as originally planned; and, this being the case, we feel that it would have been better had the book not been given to the public in this form. It adds nothing to our knowledge of the author's reputation and only serves to sharpen our regret for his loss. It is not as if he had left behind him a volume of work unworthy of his learning and critical reputation—his writings had given him a secure place among his fellows. On the other hand, the memoir prefixed to it by his daughter is a charming tribute to a Scotsman of the best type, whose influence on those with whom he came in contact was deep and lasting, and whose contributions to the criticism of religion had put him in the first rank of modern theologians.

ELECTRO-MAGNETIC THEORY.

The Theory of Electricity. By G. H. Livens. Cambridge University Press. 30s. net.

IN this volume Mr. Livens has given an excellent collection of the chief theorems in Electro-Statics and in Electro-Magnetic Theory and has woven them into a more or less connected account. It may be said that there is nothing here that the student ought not to know, although any student who reads the book will inevitably know much of its contents already. It belongs to that useful type of treatise which co-ordinates the reader's knowledge rather than increases it. In Electro-Magnetic Theory, as in anything else, the really stimulating treatise is rare. The student would do well to get his first impressions from such works as Vol. I. of Heaviside's "Electro-Magnetic Theory" and the "Theorie der Elektrizität" of Abraham and Föppl, and to turn to Mr. Livens's book when he finds the need of an ordered survey.

Vector notation is, of course, employed throughout, and there is the familiar mathematical introduction explaining the laws of vector analysis. Is this still necessary? We had hoped that in a treatise of this kind such explanations would have been unnecessary—as unnecessary as the rubbed piece of resin in electrostatics. But they are both here. These, however, are very minor points. Mr. Livens is to be thanked for having produced the best general account of the theory of the subject which has yet appeared in English. As one of the famous blue series of the Cambridge University Press, the volume is, of course, most handsomely produced and printed.

AIR AND MUD.

That Which Hath Wings. By Richard Dehan. William Heinemann. 7/- net.

THIS is an airman's book, and as such, a wonderful book, but it is interlarded with much that is unpleasant. There are thrilling episodes, brilliantly told, and there are chapters that jar on one, especially at these times. We can hardly read with patience long descriptions of half-naked, painted women, outrageous fashions, and talk that would make the "Cyprians their ape, blush." The slang, which is over-done, is sometimes amusing, and a kind-hearted, stupid young Guardsman, who, when his time came, died like an Englishman in France, is a very sympathetic character. A perfectly loathsome German Count who steals an aeroplane at Hendon, and a kidnapped Boy Scout, provide the thrilling passages. The small boy is very well drawn, quite natural, full of enthusiasm and patriotism, and disciplined in obedience as Boy Scouts are. He gets even with his Hun persecutor in the end, steering the aeroplane into the British lines, where the German, badly wounded, is taken prisoner. Mr. Dehan's habit of over-elaboration rather spoils the best book on aircraft we have read. The flying men have always been coming. In the Book of Books you will read of them—a bird of the air should carry the voice, and that which hath wings should tell the matter. Truly, the flying man's classic.

BETWEEN WIND AND WATER.

'Tidal Lands: A Study of Shore Problems.' By Alfred E. Carey, M. Inst. C. E., and F. W. Oliver, F.R.S. London: Blackie & Son. 12s. 6d. net.

THERE are advantages in being "a precious stone set in the silver sea"; but the sea serves not only the office of a wall or defensive moat, it can itself invade us as a hostile power, destroying or changing the country it should protect. There is evidence enough of this in the three Reports of the Royal Commission on Coast Erosion. And the sea not only batters our cliffs and scours our shores; it bars our harbour-mouths and blocks our water-ways. Defensive measures are forced on individuals who see their acres

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vanishing, on towns whose prosperity is threatened, and on the nation which must keep clear its ways of common trade. It is possible to preserve, and it is possible to make up for loss in one place by taking in ground in another or by reclaiming shallow areas of the sea floor. But when the difficulties have been surmounted in one quarter, it is often found that the operation has results in damage elsewhere. Along our soft south-east coast a natural defence is provided by the great banks of shingle, but the impounding of this by groynes or piers on the frontages of our sea-side resorts leads to depletion of the shingle and erosion of the cliffs beyond their limits. Thus, the Corporation of Hastings built a pier at the east end of their foreshore and held up the shingle to their own advantage, but the cliffs which they have since purchased beyond the pier, having been thus deprived of their natural protection, are now being rapidly eaten away. In this case the offenders are also the sufferers, but such poetic justice is not the rule.

Co-operation between adjacent authorities must be enforced. "Some ten years ago the condition of the frontages of Lowestoft and Pakefield was desperate, the inroads of the sea being of an alarming character, and expenditure on the fronts an overwhelming burden on the local bodies concerned. Simultaneously a new Herring Basin was constructed at Lowestoft. The dredged material from this basin, which consisted mainly of clean shingle, was taken to sea and deposited in deep water. Had it been brought alongshore and deposited, in all probability the problem of the defence of the wrecked coast-line would have been solved at comparatively small cost." More striking is the tragic story of Hallsands, till recently a comfortable fishing village in Start Bay, protected by a broad and permanent shingle beach. In 1896 the Board of Trade permitted the dredging of sand and gravel opposite Hallsands for the construction of Devonport Dockyard, and 650,000 yards were removed. The beach-level sank correspondingly, the sea-wall was undermined bit by bit, house by house the village was wrecked, until a gale in 1917 left only a few gaping walls and sunken roofs. Such was "the logical sequel of organized denudation under departmental control."

With these and other instances to draw upon, the authors of this book have little difficulty in establishing their claim that the problem of coastal defence is really a national one, and that all local bodies and other authorities (of whom over a hundred now exist for England and Wales) should have their powers and duties defined and co-ordinated under the central authority of the Board of Trade. They sketch out a complete scheme, and suggest the sources from which the needful funds might in fairness be provided. Clearly we cannot afford to continue in the old haphazard way. Here, as in other departments of national life, there must be reconstruction on a basis of corporate responsibility, and the proposals made in this thoroughly practical book deserve most serious consideration.

There is another form of co-operation practised and preached by our authors: it is the collaboration of the maritime engineer (exemplified by Mr. Carey) with the practical botanist (exemplified by Professor Oliver). For plants have an engineering value, in both the protection and the reclamation of land. Penetrating loose sand or shingle with their roots, they render it less easily moved by wind or wave; clothing shores and cliffs with their stems and leaves, they interpose a shield against the storm; established on sand or mud, they form a trap for fresh deposits, wind-borne or water-borne, and growing up through successive layers they are always ready to catch and retain a new supply. The task of the botanist is first to discover the plants that grow naturally, or may be induced to grow, in the required habitats; then to study their natural methods of colonization, so as to be able to introduce them to a fresh situation; finally to experiment with the view of adapting or producing plants for specially difficult positions. This book furnishes an account of the plants already known along our coasts, as the Sea Sandwort, the Salt Wort, and the Sea Rocket of the strand-line

itself; the Marram and Lyme grasses, the Sea-sedge, Sea-spurge, and Sea-holly of the moving sand dune; the Stone-crop, Bird's foot trefoil, Convolvulus, Thyme, Lady's Bedstraw, Ragwort, and Stork's Bill of the more stable dune. Some of the sand-plants occur also on shingle, but here, on the moving beach, we find, rather, shrubs of the salt-loving Sea Blite, with fleshy blue-green leaves often tipped with crimson, and between grow the small Sea-campion, the deep-rooted Sea-dock, the familiar Sea-kale, the Sea-pea, and the Horned Poppy; on resting shingle there are added a species of Sea-lavender (*Statice binervosa*), the Sea-pink or Thrift, the Golden Samphire, not to mention such visitors from inland as Docks, Fox-glove, and Nettle; here may even grow dwarf shrubs of Elder, Thorn, Sloe, Holly, Bramble, and a number of others, varying with the situation and the amount of humus that is gradually formed. The latter plants and even some of the more usual long-shore species are not true salt-lovers, are even damaged by the sea-spray; that they can live on the shingle of the coast is due to the curious fact that, though the salt tide penetrates the beach, the water found near the surface of shingle-banks and sand dunes remains always fresh.

In the Salt-marsh, which corresponds most nearly to the "Tidal Lands" of the title, one finds the most characteristic salt-loving vegetation: on the one hand a number of sea-weeds that have adapted themselves to the muddy floor and brackish water, such as the thread-like *Rhizoclonium*, the broad-leaved *Ulva*, and the marsh variety of the Bladder-wrack; on the other hand, various seed-bearing plants accommodated to a saline habitat by virtue of their own rich and abundant sap. Among the latter are the Marsh Samphire (*Salicornia*), the Sea Purslane, Sea Wormwood, Sea Aster, Sea Spurrey, and Sea Blite, also a number of grasses, among which *Glyceria maritima*, a variety of Sheep's Fescue, and *Spartina Townsendi* are the most important. The last mentioned appears to be a hybrid,

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which originated in Southampton Water about fifty years ago and has since spread over the mud flats from Dorset to Sussex, gradually raising them into useful pastures. It is already being introduced for reclamations elsewhere, and is expected to prove of economic value for cattle rearing and paper making. Its control and exploitation, therefore, raise questions that demand the central authority suggested by the authors. This leads to the experimental work of the botanist. *Spartina Townsendi* is a product of crossing under natural conditions, but plants of no less value might be bred by man. A particular need is a woody plant capable of resisting salt water, so that it may be used in the building up of natural groynes. By selection of appropriate trees, vast areas of sandy dune have already been turned into forests, notably in North Germany and in Gascony, and on a smaller scale at Holkham in Norfolk. With some boldness of experiment, the stony deserts of our south-east coast may also become productive forest lands. Though large-scale operations demand control by a central body, there is still room for individual experiment. The amateur may pleasantly turn his attention to cliff-gardening in the endeavour to discover plants that will hold up the sliding clay or bind the crumbling sandstone. The dweller in bungalow-town may strengthen his shifting foundation at the same time as he beautifies his shingle garden with convolvulus, pea, and poppy, or grows samphire and sea-kale for pickle-jar and pot.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

The 'Proceedings of the Classical Association,' Vol. XV. (Murray, 2s. 6d. net), besides the address of the president, Prof. Gilbert Murray, on 'Religio Grammatici' (the Religion of a Man of Letters), contains a paper by Prof. Granger, on 'The Latin Vernacular of the Early Empire,' which advocates the study of the Latin that was spoken instead of that which was written only, and shows how rare Latin was in Imperial Rome. Mr. Sargeant gave some examples of 'Hexameters for Homer,' good, but not good enough.

Two periodicals devoted to Italy are the 'Rassegna Italo-Britannica' (Milan, 1.2.25), edited by Dr. Borsa, in Italian and English, and 'The Italian Review' (Constable, 1s. 3d.), edited by Edward Hutton. The former contains articles by Mr. Wells and Mr. Okey, amongst others, the latter a poem by Maurice Hewlett and a paper by Prof. Lethaby tracing Cosmati work in Westminster Abbey and elsewhere.

'A Social History of England,' by F. Bradshaw (Clive, 6s. 6d.), is an excellent manual of those parts of social and economic history not dealt with by the ordinary historical text-books. We know of no book which we could commend with such confidence as this to anyone who wished for a simple explanation of the terms that are always recurring in historical papers, such as 'hundred court,' 'frank pledge,' 'forestaller,' and so on. The choice of subjects is unvaryingly good, and though in one or two modern instances the statements of fact lend themselves to criticism, they are comparatively unimportant. As a minor point, the author might have paid some attention to the social position of the Juror in Elizabethan times. He has dealt with the right subjects and gone to the right authorities, and the book may be warmly recommended not only to students, but to those who learnt their history twenty years or more ago and wish to know the theories now held.

'British Campaigns in Flanders, 1690-1794,' by the Hon. J. W. Fortescue (Macmillan, 8s. 6d. net), is a volume of extracts from his monumental 'History of the British Army,' fully illustrated by maps and plans. It deals with the campaigns of William III, Marlborough, the War of the Austrian Succession, 1744-7, and of the French Revolution in 1793 and 1794. It is quite unnecessary to say anything in praise of this work, which shows how the difficulties which our ancestors had to meet were not dissimilar to our own. It would be an excellent book to place in the hands of a young officer.

'War According to Clausewitz,' edited, with commentary, by Major-General Pilcher (Cassell, 7s. 6d. net), consists of extracts from Clausewitz's 'Vom Kriege,' translated or summarised, with comments by the author. His summaries are not always very happy renderings of what Clausewitz said, and readers to whom this is of importance should consult Graham's translation as edited by Colonel Maude. But on the whole Clausewitz is not misrepresented, and officers studying the elements of strategy and tactics will be well advised to begin with this very handy and useful compendium of the most important work on modern war.

'Lessons of the World-War,' by Augustin Hamon (Unwin, 10s. net). M. Hamon was asked to give a course of lectures between November, 1915, and March, 1916, at the Birkbeck Institution upon this subject, and he now publishes them in full in French and English, with an additional chapter. It has, we gather, been a cause of searching of mind, if such there be, to the censor, but that is no novelty to M. Hamon, whose 'Psychologie du Militaire Professionnel' landed him in trouble five-and-twenty years ago. After all, there is little to find fault with, given the author's position, in this work. He is not a

'defeatist,' like M. Romain Rolland, though he manages to retain a certain aloofness hardly welcome to the ordinary man. He is economist and psychologist by turns, and his political economy and his psychology do not commend themselves to us, but it is worth while to read and form an opinion on them. The book discusses nearly every problem raised by the war.

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THE CITY.

The behaviour of the stock markets this week should serve to convince the Chancellor of the Exchequer that Stock Exchange speculation is not responsible to any sensible degree for the slackening demand for National War Bonds. The City has been thrilled by the unexpectedly excellent war news; but there has been no wild burst of excitement in stocks and shares; indeed, the rates of foreign exchange have responded more notably than share quotations to the military developments. Naturally markets have displayed considerable strength, a conspicuous feature being the maintenance of 5 per cent. War Loan for some days well above the issue price, at which level the Depreciation Fund becomes inoperative, and holders of the loan, many of whom have more than they wish to keep indefinitely, see an opportunity of realising without loss. In point of fact, the present quotation includes a substantial proportion of the half-yearly interest due on December 1st, which will be deducted from the price toward the end of October, and if allowance be made for that the current quotation does not actually represent a premium; but the great majority of investors do not study such details; they see a profit on their holding and the firmness of the market indicates the expectation of a further improvement.

Some optimists in Capel Court may be heard expressing the view that War Loan will never go so low as 92½ again, basing their opinion on a fairly early termination of the war, followed by a period of relatively cheap money. The money factor will necessarily influence the price movement of all classes of securities and commodities after the war, and the idea seems to be spreading that money rates will be controlled to a very large extent by agreement between the Allies. The whole situation, however, is too complicated and the outlook too obscure to permit any forecast.

Unquestionably the inclination of business men on both sides of the Atlantic will be to get rid of Government control of industry, trade and finance, with all

the speed compatible with security. In any case, control of money could only be effective if it had the acquiescence and practical support of the banks and the leading exchange houses.

The ways of international finance are many and devious. Some theorists argue that British money should be employed primarily in developing British industry, and that there should be a sort of embargo on export of capital abroad. In effect this would mean that the maintenance of British property abroad—railways in South America, rubber and tea plantations in the East, mines and oilfields, for example—would be allowed to pass into foreign hands and that foreigners would supply the materials. A sidelight on the subject is projected by the news that the Marconi Company has contracted to provide China with 200 wireless telephone instruments and installations in consideration of a loan of £600,000 at 8 per cent. secured upon Chinese Treasury Bonds. Further details of the agreement are necessary before comment can be made upon it; but it is an instance of the fact that the export of British manufactures cannot be effectively developed if the negotiating power of money is restricted. On the other hand, there are abundant signs that in many directions the overseas demand for money will not be of the same character as before the war. Canada, formerly a constant borrower from London, now boasts an enormous increase in bank deposits in spite of the issue of several successful internal loans. South Africa is advertising her large stores of accumulated financial resources, and one of the leading banks is to form a company to organise the financing of South African industries. Japan has greatly reduced her loans in London during the war and will not be an early borrower. The United States have bought back the millions of railroad securities formerly held in Great Britain and they are not likely to be resold in the early future. But in spite of such changes as these in the last four years, there will be abundant scope for the employment of capital in all parts of the world.

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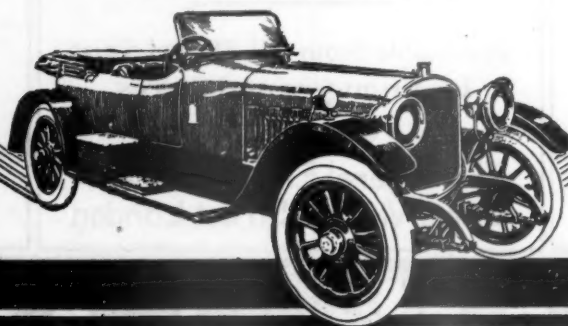
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THE actuarial report recently made by Mr. C. A. Elliott, F.I.A., to the directors of the Australian Mutual Provident Society unfortunately proves that war conditions have not proved favourable to the prosperity of this world-famous institution, which has been affected to a much greater extent than was originally expected. At the end of 1913 the annual valuation disclosed a surplus of £1,180,881, of which £205,000 was reserved for contingencies and other purposes, and £975,881 was divided among the members. Since then the surplus and divisible surplus has respectively been reported as follows:—1914, £1,139,953 and £1,026,139; 1915, £983,719 and £838,719; 1916, £997,178 and £857,178; and 1917, £696,553 and £554,553. A very considerable decrease has therefore occurred in the amount available for distribution, and it has resulted in the bonus allotments being gradually reduced to about one-half of their pre-war dimensions. This, however, is the very worst that can be said, and there is no need for discouragement on the part of the policyholders. If bonuses have temporarily had to be curtailed, the fact has solely been due to one cause—war mortality, which has involved the Society in heavy losses, sums amounting to £343,053 in 1915, £471,489 in 1916, and £945,507 last year having been required to meet these claims.

Not the whole of the £1,760,000 paid in war claims up to 31 December last can, however, be regarded in the light of a mortality loss. In respect of many policies recently cancelled by death in action, and included among these claims, reserves of greater or less importance must undoubtedly have accumulated, and their amount, in order to arrive at the net mortality loss, would have to be deducted from the total of the war claims. So far the amount of these reserves has not been stated, but it would not be likely to exceed

half-a-million pounds, in which case a mortality loss of about £1,250,000 would be indicated. As the bonuses have not been reduced by nearly this sum, and the actuarial reserves have constantly been strengthened, it is evident that but for the war the Society might now have been in a position to increase its bonus allotments. Indeed the reports show that war mortality, taxation, and exceptional liberality in regard to the insurance of soldiers, have been the only obstacles in the way of increased prosperity.

Prior to the war all policies issued to civilians carried no restrictions regarding active military or naval service, and since the end of 1914 only a small extra war premium—originally fixed at £5 per cent., and raised last year to £7 10s. per cent.—has had to be paid by recruits. Taxation, which is treated by the actuary as an item of expenditure, and not as a deduction from the interest earned on investments, has thus far proved a comparatively light burden, and has added only slightly to the expenses of management, which are stated to have absorbed 13.51 per cent. of the premium receipts in 1913, and 14.23 per cent. last year. As this increase of less than three-quarters of one per cent. arose solely from the imposition of income tax, and the actuarial analysis showed that, excluding taxes, only 10.63 per cent. of the premiums received in 1917 was spent, it is manifest that the rise in question can be disregarded; as a matter of fact, actual expenses have steadily been reduced since the war began.

On the other hand, it is important to note that under war conditions the effective rate of interest realised on the funds has continued to rise. In the report for 1913 this rate was given as £4 13s. 8d. per cent., and it has subsequently been reported as £4 14s. 11d. per cent. in 1914, £4 16s. 5d. per cent. in 1915, £4 19s. 8d. per cent. in 1916, and £5 1s. 8d. per cent. last year. An improvement equal to 8s. per cent. had therefore been obtained during the four years, and the Society is now in the favourable position of being able to earn about 2 per cent. in excess of the rate assumed in its valuation calculations.

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